MARJORIE'S LITTLE DOLL SCHOOL

PATTEN BEARD

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MARJORIE'S LITTLE DOLL SCHOOL

I like to play with dolls; do you?
I comb their hair and dress them too;
I make-believe they talk and say
The things real people do all day;
And they seem more than little toys
When I pretend they're girls and boys.

MARJORIE'S LITTLE DOLL SCHOOL

BY

PATTEN BEARD

AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S LITERARY DOLLS,"
"THE JOLLY BOOK OF BOXCRAFT," ETC.

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No 1.

THIS STORY BOOK FOR LITTLE GIRLS
IS DEDICATED TO
JEANNETTE GREGORY BYINGTON
A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL
WHO LIKES TO MAKE EVERYBODY AS HAPPY
AS SHE IS HERSELF

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CHAPTER ONE: THE PUPILS

CHAPTER I

THE PUPILS

DO you like surprises? My best little girl friend, Marjorie, likes them. I like them too. We like the small ones that come in packages of penny candy as well as the big surprises that sometimes happen in a jolly unexpected way at home or at school or at play. I'm going to tell you about one of the nicest kind of surprises that came to Marjorie and me once upon a time not very long ago. You know, we both like to play dolls and this was a surprise about doll play. I can't tell you any more without beginning right at the start.

It came in Marjorie's summer vacation. In summer vacation there is always plenty of time for Marjorie to play dolls and make doll-clothes. Probably you know how very full school days are —lessons and home-work and practising and ever so many other important things to do, never any

time long enough to sit down and play in a doll house! I was ever so glad it happened in summer vacation. So was Marjorie.

As I said, Marjorie is my *best* little girl friend. She is eleven years old and she thinks that it is the greatest fun in the world to play dolls. She has a big white doll house in her playroom, and beside this she has ever and ever so many other toys. She lets me come to play with her quite often even though I am not a little girl at all. I like to play dolls just the same, though. I think I always shall —especially when I have Marjorie. She's splendid fun.

I have ever so many toys too. The reason I still happen to have them is that I loved them when I was a little girl and I never wanted to give them away, as most persons do, when I grew up. I keep them next to my study in a room that has boxes and doll trunks. It is a store-room but I call it my toy-closet. My big doll, Edith, is there and my toy furniture and my tea and dinner sets that really came from Paris. Sometimes Marjorie likes to I go over to her house and we play with her doll come over to play with my toys but, most usually,

families, the Mr. George Abihad Wolsen family and the John Noggins family and the Mr. Bracton family. I take the John Noggins family. Marjorie plays with the George Abihad Wolsens and we let the Bracton dolls come to call.

It's the family of Mr. George Abihad Wolsen that stays in Marjorie's doll house. They *live* there. We play that Mr. Wolsen is very well known and that he is a dolls' author. The family is made up of Mrs. Wolsen, whose name is Marie, and four children, Jackie and Binkie and Peggy and Chuckles the baby.

My doll family—the ones Marjorie lends me for play—are the Nogginses. Mr. John Noggins is an artist. He usually has a studio somewhere in a corner of the playroom near the big window. He paints pictures but he doesn't often sell them. Once in a while he does. Then he feels terribly rich while the money lasts—but usually the John Noggins family is rather poor. They use all the older toy furniture and the things that aren't nice enough for the rich Wolsens who live in the doll house.

There is a Mrs. Noggins. Her name is Erme-

linda. The children are Ted and Tootsie. They are about as old as Jackie and Binkie. All four play together.

Sometimes I play that my doll family boards in a boarding-house. It isn't exactly home-like to do that. There is never any place for the children to play, you know. So I take Ted and Tootsie over to the Wolsens and let them run around with Jackie and Binkie. (Jackie and Ted are about thirteen. Binkie and Tootsie are about eleven.)

Mrs. Wolsen is a lovely mother. She lets the children have pets and she lets them make fudge in the kitchen—oh, she's ever so nice! (But they have to keep pretty quiet upstairs because, otherwise, they might disturb Mr. Wolsen who is always in the study typewriting.)

The Bracton dolls are just Mr. and Mrs. Bracton and their child, Betty. *They* are society people. Betty goes to boarding school—that's what Marjorie and I pretend because we really like best to play with Tootsie and Binkie, you know.

And now that you know all about our dolls, I'll tell you about THE SURPRISE—I had to keep

THE GEORGE ABIHAD WOLSEN FAMILY

THESE dolls belong to Marjorie and live in the white doll house. Mr. Wolsen is a writer doll. He makes up stories, so Marjorie says. Mrs. Wolsen is a home-body. They aren't society people. They like to take walks on Sunday afternoons—they're that kind. They take the baby with them. It's name is Chuckles. Jackie is the Wolsen boy, Binkie is the Wolsen girl and there's a little sister, Peggy. She's quite fat and cunning. The Wolsens have ever so many pets.

you waiting because you had to know, first of all, about Marjorie's dolls.

THE SURPRISE happened this way: I went to the post-office one afternoon to mail a letter and when I came out of the door, I saw Marjorie across the street looking in at the window of the ten-cent store. I hadn't been expecting to meet her and she hadn't even seen me!

I crossed the street and came up behind her. "Hello!" I sang out. "What're you looking at?"

Marjorie almost jumped. "Oh, how nice," she returned. "I was walking by here to buy a pencil and a pad and—and I saw *this!*" (The "this" was *a whole window full of dolls!*)

"I can't believe that they cost only ten cents," I exclaimed. "Aren't they wonderful!"

"Wouldn't they go beautifully with Binkie and Tootsie!"

"I never saw such cunning little girl dolls before!"

"Their hats and coats and dresses look exactly like real school children! Why! Why!" laughed Marjorie, "they look—— I tell you what: it's Betty Bracton's boarding-school!"

"To be sure!" I laughed too. Why we neither of us ever expected to run across Betty Bracton's school like that! It really was a very great SURPRISE!

"I wish I could buy them all," sighed Marjorie. "Then we could really play Betty Bracton's school!"

"Wouldn't it be fun!"

"Wouldn't it! Do you think Mrs. Noggins could afford to let Tootsie go?"

"Well, maybe if Mr. Noggins had just sold a picture," I mused. "Tootsie needs the discipline of boarding-school. She doesn't know how to study."

"I think," said Marjorie, "Mrs. Wolsen *might* let Binkie go, if Mr. Wolsen said so,—but it would cost a great deal of money to buy a whole window full of dolls even when they are each *only* ten cents apiece!"

We stood there looking at the dolls. I wish you could have seen them. They were darlings! I think each was about six inches tall. Their hats and coats and dresses looked exactly like real little girls' clothes. Some had light hair and blue eyes

and some had dark hair and brown eyes. Others had hair that was black or "just between brown and yellow."

"We needn't buy all the dolls, Marjorie! We might buy enough to make a very select school——"

"How many——?"

I looked in my purse. I had eighty cents in change and a two-dollar bill. I didn't want to break the two-dollar bill unless necessary. When you break a bill, somehow, all the money runs away! I knew I couldn't afford two dollars and eighty cents' worth of little dolls!

"We can spend eighty cents," I announced.

"Eight little dolls!" beamed Marjorie. "Let's choose!"

Don't you love to choose things? Marjorie and I do. Sometimes when we go to walk, we play that we can really have all the things we *choose* from the shop windows. It's lots of fun. I suppose you play that too! At Christmas it's most exciting. There are so many many things that are beautiful in shop windows then! But, of course, we never really have the things we choose

unless we choose from the ten-cent store window. *There* everything is cheap as well as splendid. Marjorie and I do enjoy the ten-cent store. I think, probably, you do too.

What fun! Now we were going to choose eight little dolls from the window. We were really going to take them home with us to Marjorie's playroom! We were going to make a new play, a little dolls' school! *Jolly?*—I should say so!

"Your turn first, Marjorie," said I.

Hardly had I said it when Marjorie's answer pounced out: "I want this little one—see! She has such a pretty white coat with pink trimming! I'll call her Pinkie."

"No. She must have a *real* name. We must name them as we choose. Don't you think that would be most fun!"

Marjorie agreed. "I'll call her Rosalind. I always liked that name. We can call her *Pinkie* for a pet name. Shall we?"

"She must have a middle name and a last name too! Suppose we call her Rosalinda Clara Smith."

"That's all right," returned Marjorie. "Now you choose."

I took Penelope Jukes. Penelope had dark hair and she wore a blue dress that had a collar like a sailor suit. The trimming on the collar was red and brown.

Marjorie had a special love for little dolls with yellow hair. "I choose a blue-eyed dear little doll next. I call it Dotty Dawson," she explained. "I don't know why—the name seems to fit."

"I choose the one in green over there——"

"You didn't name her!"

"Let's see——"

"Violet?" suggested Marjorie.

"No."

"Pearl—Pearl is a pretty name——"

"I don't like it. I think I'll call her Laura. She is dressed in green and brown so she'll be Laura Brown."

"I choose the cute little one over there—the one with the light blue dress. I'll call her Phœbe Snow."

"Oh, Marjorie," I protested. "I was going to choose her!"

We laughed. You know we often wanted the

very same things when we chose. *That* was part of the fun!

"Well, you're taking all the pretty ones," I sighed. "I'll have to have a homely one. See! I'll take a very plain little doll and call her Jane —it shall be Jane James. There she is over in the corner by herself. I don't think she can be very popular."

"How many have we chosen?"

"Six."

"We can have two more—one apiece. *How* much do you suppose the whole windowful would cost?"

We began to count the dolls. It was to put off the end of the choosing as long as possible. Of course, when one is having fun, one doesn't like to have it *end!* It would end the game of choosing as soon as we each took one more little doll.

Marjorie lingered over the counting. "I've got it!" I announced. "There are exactly seventy-two dolls in the window."

"Seven dollars and twenty cents," Marjorie commented. "Couldn't we choose two more—two each!"

THE JOHN NOGGINS FAMILY

I PLAY that these dolls belong to me. Mr. John Noggins is an artist, I make believe. He likes to wear an old red sweater and a straw hat. Mrs. Noggins' name is Ermelinda. She is a handsome woman but she dresses in a simple way. (She has to because the John Nogginses are quite poor, except for the times when Mr. Noggins happens to sell a picture.) Ted Noggins is the boy doll of the family. He goes to a Military Academy. Tootsie Noggins is the little girl.

I shook my head. "It would break into the bill," I said. "I hate to break into a bill. If there is change in my purse, I always seem to spend it, Marjorie."

"You're very good to buy *eight*."

"I wish it wasn't a *two* dollar bill!"

"Well, eight little dolls are ever so much to buy at one time in one day, I think."

"But they're not expensive."

"No—not at all!"

"Two would only be twenty cents extra——"

"But I'd have to break the two dollars."

We both sighed.

"I think I'll choose my last doll, Marjorie! There are ever so many names left in my head. I'm going to use three all in a bunch. I'll choose Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch. She's the one over there in plaid."

"I'll take the curly haired one next her. I name her Annette Allison."

"Come," said I. And we went into the ten-cent store to buy them.

CHAPTER TWO: THE PRINCIPAL AND THE TEACHERS

CHAPTER II

THE PRINCIPAL AND THE TEACHERS

THE pianola and the victrola were both going with different tunes when we opened the big red door of the ten-cent store and walked in. The pianola was playing a very rumpety-tumpety piece and the victrola was singing a classical record. There was a good deal of noise but it sounded rather jolly and, you know, Marjorie and I like the ten-cent stores so we didn't mind. We wedged through the crowd and past several counters where I wanted to stop, and we arrived at the toy counter.

The toy counter like the window outside was all little girl dolls, the very same kind of dolls that the others were! We could handle them and examine them and we did it. But, though the dolls looked like the ones in the window, Marjorie insisted that the ones in the window were the best. The clerk declared they were all the same and I

thought they looked enough alike to be twins and triplets but Marjorie begged for the ones in the window. "*They* are the ones we named," she argued. "We can't name these all over again because I wanted the names I named."

Well, I asked the clerk to get us the dolls from the window. She said that wasn't possible because it was against rules—she couldn't.

Oh, bother!

"But can't there be an exception?" I pleaded.

"Please——" urged Marjorie with a smile.

So the clerk said she would ask the floorwalker and off she went. While she was gone, Marjorie showed me where the dolls were different. The one that ought to have been Rosalinda Clara Smith wasn't dressed in white and pink. She had Penelope Jukes' blue dress on. Indeed, I hadn't noticed it but I saw that we'd have to have the ones from the window or re-name them as Marjorie said. We waited a long time for the clerk to come back. The victor record was changed to something that was ragtime and the pianola tried ragtime too so it was noisier than ever and jollier.

But the clerk came back and she said that we

could have the dolls from the window as a special favour and she'd take them out, if we'd show her which ones were which.

It took quite a time for Marjorie insisted on asking for Rosalinda Clara Smith, Penelope Jukes, Dotty Dawson, Laura Brown, Phœbe Snow, Jane James, Annette Allison and Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch each by name. I couldn't have remembered all those names but she knew them!

The clerk laughed and rather enjoyed it. We told her the reason we wanted so many was that we were going to start a dolls' school. Oh, she was very interested. "You don't say," she exclaimed. "If that isn't an idea! And are you going to have teachers?"

"Teachers!"

"Why, of course!"

"Dolls?" inquired the clerk. (I think she thought she could sell us more!)

"Oh," I said, "I think Marjorie and I will be the teachers, won't we, Marjorie?"

"We might," returned the little girl. "But I

think the teachers ought to be dolls too, don't you?"

"We could use Mrs. Noggins, and Mrs. Wolsen, and Mrs. Bracton," I feebly suggested.

"Oh no! No, never! That would spoil the dolls' house play."

"We have some larger dolls," the clerk spoke up. "They are on the other side of the store. They are beautiful dolls. Would you care to look at them?"

Mercy! I opened my purse and saw that there *was* that two dollar bill beside the change I had used for the little girl dolls! "We can *look* at them," I agreed, "but I hate to break a bill because it's so easy to spend change. I think we have enough dolls for to-day, Marjorie."

We followed the clerk to look at the other dolls. Of course, I knew what would happen! We no sooner saw them than Marjorie pounced upon one—she was a most *handsome* doll.

"She'll do for the Principal," said Marjorie. "I've a dress of Mrs. Bracton's that will exactly fit her. It's a dress all trimmed with jet."

"You'd better take her," suggested the clerk.

MAKING FUDGE IN THE WOLSENS' KITCHEN

THIS is a picture of the Wolsen's kitchen in Marjorie's white doll house. The children are making fudge on the stove. The coloured cook, Jennie, doesn't like it much, but Uncle Tom, the Wolsen's hired man, thinks it is fun. He likes fudge. The Wolsen's cat and dog are in the picture. (They are always in everything at the doll house.) Peggy Wolsen is the baby in the striped dress. She has to stay with Mother, you see.

"It's an unusual value—and with that hair they usually cost more."

"Marjorie!" I remonstrated. But I agreed that she really was the one for a Principal!

"And these would do for teachers!" She held them up—*three* of them! "One's for French, and another's for arithmetic and geography, and the other could be for history."

"Well——"

"As long as it is going to be a small school three teachers would be enough."

You know I like dolls as well as Marjorie and I said the clerk might wrap them up with the little girl dolls and we'd let Marjorie carry them home!

I never yet heard of buying twelve dolls all at once except, maybe, at Christmas time for a Christmas-tree! It really was jolly—wouldn't you have liked to see them all?

We had to take the car up to Marjorie's house. We live near each other but Marjorie is nearer to the car than I so I stopped with her on my way home and we unwrapped the dolls and looked them all over. We decided to wait and begin the school some day when there was more time. It

was late in the afternoon and almost tea-time now.

"Best put the school of dolls away," I thought. "We can plan about the school while you walk to the corner with me. Mrs. Wolsen, Mrs. Noggins and the others ought not to see or know about the school till it is ready and then, maybe, they can be persuaded to send Binkie and Tootsie there when the term opens."

"Mrs. Wolsen doesn't approve of sending Binkie to boarding-school." (I knew that Marjorie had begun to "pretend" and I fell in with the play.)

"Why not?"

"Oh, she thinks home is the best place for little girls."

"Well, Mrs. Noggins does too, but she says Miss Littledoll's School is unusual. Tootsie wants to go and she has begged so hard that I think they will probably let her."

"Maybe, if they let Binkie come home for Saturdays and Sundays, Mrs. Wolsen would consent."

"We'll see, Marjorie."

MARJORIE'S NEW DOLLS

THIS is a picture of Marjorie looking at all the little dolls we bought at the ten-cent store. She had been sewing dresses for them, you know. Of course, they did come dressed in hats and jackets, but Marjorie had to make more clothes. She always does. Sewing is as much fun as playing dolls.

"When are we going to begin to play the school?"

"Oh, it must be soon—as soon as I get time. I'll telephone and tell you when my work is done." (My work is really a kind of play. I write stories, you know. They really are work when you think of the spelling and punctuation but the making-them-up is play. The play-work keeps me very busy some days. It means a great deal of click-clickety-click noise on my typewriter till the stories are done and then, most usually, I celebrate by running over to play with Marjorie.)

"Mr. Wolsen is busy with a new book," Marjorie commented. "When he starts to write, he is just like you. He can't think of anything else but the story. I hope your story isn't going to be very long this time. I do so want to begin to play school. I'm going to dress the teachers right away. I'm going to sew the clothes all myself. I love to sew. Mrs. Roberts gave me ever so many new pieces of cloth. It will be fun to dress the dolls, won't it? I can do it while you are writing your story. Oh, you wait till you see how nice they are!"

"Of course they'll be nice—— Don't I know how well you sew!"

Marjorie accepted the compliment with a smile. "We might name the teachers," she said. "We haven't done that yet—— We're almost at your house!"

"You begin, Marjorie."

"Which shall I name?"

"Any one you choose."

"Well, I think you ought to have the Principal, you know——"

"Why?"

"Oh, because—— You see I wouldn't know how to make her act. I could make a teacher act all right."

"Then you choose a teacher."

Marjorie thought. "I don't know whether to choose a nice kind one or a cross one."

"Oh, dear!"

"Which do you like best?"

"Well, in school—*real* school—I would like a nice kind teacher, but just playing, I think it would be fun to have a cross one, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Then, I want to think of a very cross name," declared Marjorie. "I can't."

"Ann is a cross name."

"Not very cross! It must be a severe name."

"Tabitha or Jane or Sophonisba——"

"Sophonisba Ann—*what?*"

"How about Means?"

"All right: Sophonisba Ann Means. She is the one who teaches arithmetic."

"And I choose the Principal, Marjorie, and I name her Miss Glorianne Lenora Littledoll. The name of her school is Halcyon Hall."

"Then I choose a nice teacher next," Marjorie decided. "I like French. I'll have a French teacher but I don't know any French names. You've got to help."

"Tell me a French word."

"'*Oui*' is French."

"What else do you know? '*Oui*' won't do all alone."

Marjorie laughed. "I've just commenced to study French. I've forgotten it this vacation. '*Non*' means *no*."

"You have it!" I exclaimed excitedly—Mlle. Ouinon! That *sounds* French!"

"Yes, that's good. There's still another teacher. She's yours. You name her!"

"She'll teach English and History. I'll call her just Miss Scribble. She is all kinds of English teacher from spelling up to Mythology, and High School English. I think she has taken an *A.B.* at Vassar or Smith or Wellesley and probably she has made special studies abroad."

"Maybe she writes stories the way you do?" Marjorie helped out. But I denied *that*. English teachers are too busy correcting compositions to be able to write stories.

By this time we had almost reached my house. "Won't we have fun playing when I have finished my work!"

"Well, you just hurry up, Miss Literary Lady," laughed Marjorie. "You hurry up with that story and get it finished as soon as I do the teachers' dresses!"

"I'll try to."

"If you don't, I'll come over and drag you away from the typewriter, I will!"

I reminded her that she would always be a good little girl and then she put her arms around me and hugged me. She said she would—— Of course my Marjorie would! Nobody likes rude children.

"I'm going to get up early in the morning and write and write and write just the way your doll Mr. George Abihad Wolsen writes and if I write and write and write and *write* the story will be soon done and we can play."

"It was ever so good of you to buy all those dolls," smiled Marjorie. "I think it was lovely of you, I do!"

"Wasn't it fun!"

Marjorie beamed. "You'll remember to hurry up the story," she begged.

I nodded. I gave her a kiss and a *last tag* pat and we said good-bye.

When she reached the corner, she turned to wave, "Remember to hurry up the story and finish quick," she called back.

CHAPTER THREE: GETTING DADDY WOLSEN'S PERMISSION

CHAPTER III

GETTING DADDY WOLSEN'S PERMISSION

IT isn't so very long ago since I was a little girl. I have most of my old toys, beside my doll Edith. I have my toy furniture and my dinner and tea sets and a number of other things. I keep them in a store-room next to my study and when the children come to see me, we often play there, for there is plenty of space.

I was right in the midst of my writing of the story when, suddenly, I thought of Marjorie's little doll school. Why, if it is a boarding-school, it ought to be made in the toy-closet, of course! It wouldn't do to have it at Marjorie's house! The dolls would have to take a journey to go to that kind of a school!

I had to stop right in the midst of the click-clickety-clicking of my typewriter and run to the telephone.

"Give me 281-3, please," I asked.

It was Marjorie herself who answered the telephone. "I know who it is," she cried. "It's *you!* Have you finished the story?"

"Dear no! It isn't half done, child! But I happened to think of something—— Why not have Miss Littledoll's School in my toy-closet?"

"Dandy!"

"You like the idea?"

"I think it's splendid. Then we can have a real journey and trunks and arriving and unpacking and everything!"

"Of course, we could *pretend* that at your house, you know, but making the little dolls come here would make it more real, wouldn't it?"

"Um-hum," Marjorie assented.

"I'll get out the catalog of the school as soon as I can," I went on. "I'll send one to Mrs. Wolsen at the dolls' house. Are the teachers going to be ready for school opening soon?"

"I fixed up the cross teacher," replied Marjorie. "You'll laugh when you see her! Oh, she is ever so cross-looking!"

"I would like to have the teachers ready to take up school duties very soon, Marjorie."

"All right!"

"You might be fixing up the school in the toy-closet while I am finishing my story, if you can dress the teachers too. You can come over any time. You won't disturb me. You can use my toy furniture and toys."

"Won't that be fun!" Marjorie chuckled. "I'll hurry and dress up the teachers. I was doing that when the telephone bell rang. I'm out on the porch with Mark and Dotty. Mark's making a bird-house and Dotty's playing with the cat."

"Well, we'll both finish our work soon—and then for Binkie and Tootsie!—Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

I hung up the receiver. It was almost too bad that Marjorie's brother—her twin brother—was really *a boy!* If he hadn't been a boy, we could have given him the Betty Bracton family to play with but boys won't play with dolls. As for Marjorie's little sister, Dotty, she was much too small yet to do anything but break them. Marjorie had to be very careful about the dolls' house.

Well, I went back to my work and I clickety-clickety-clicked so fast that by the end of the next

day my story was done. I called Marjorie up and told her and I found out that the teachers were all ready to come to the school as soon as the school was ready for them. I had made the catalog in the evening. It was a tiny-wee catalog and it told all about Miss Littledoll's Very Select Boarding and Day School. It told what subjects were taught, who the teachers were, how much the schooling would cost, and what the little girl dolls were to bring with them. By the time that I was finished with my work and Marjorie had dressed the teacher dolls, Mrs. Wolsen had received the catalog and was talking over the school with Mrs. Noggins doll and Mrs. Bracton doll, so Marjorie said.

I was in the toy-closet next to my study when Marjorie raced over. "I didn't bring the teachers yet—but here's Miss Littledoll," she laughed.

I wish you could have seen Miss Glorianne Lenora Littledoll! Her black hair was beautifully silky and she wore a jet-bespangled black velvet dress that had white crêpe around the neck. Marjorie held her up to be admired. She looked ex-act-ly like the principal of a little girls' board-

MRS. NOGGINS CALLS ON MRS. WOLSEN

HERE is Mrs. Noggins coming to call on Mrs. Wolsen in the upstairs room of the doll house where Mrs. Wolsen used to sew and play with Chuckles. Mrs. Noggins has Tootsie with her and they are going to talk over Miss Littledoll's Select School. Tootsie is going there in the fall and Binkie wants to go too.

ing and day school. You could *almost* hear her say, "Yes, my dear" or "No, my dear." (You know the principals most always say that, if you've observed.)

Marjorie, of course, had never been to boarding-school but she wanted to know what it was like and she thought we could play it and find out what it was like, if I helped. You see, I had been to boarding-school and I knew. I had told Marjorie about a good many things—funny things that happened. Boarding-school isn't so different from day-school except that you live in a place with ever so many other girls and, when you aren't in class, there are always ever so many little girls to play with. It makes things very jolly.

Marjorie laid out the rooms of the school. The plan was to have a corridor, class rooms, an office for the principal, an assembly hall, and bedrooms for the pupils. We made the partitions with books and we used all my toy furniture and toys. Of course we made some things that we needed. I took the globe from my study bookshelf and put it in the class room of the cross teacher and

then, about noontime, everything had been beautifully arranged.

It merely remained for Mrs. Wolsen doll to decide to send Binkie to an out-of-town school. We had to go over to Marjorie's and see about *that*.

We found, on reaching Marjorie's dolls' house, that Mrs. Wolsen with Chuckles in her lap, was just welcoming Mrs. Noggins in her bedroom upstairs. Mrs. Noggins doll often came in informally this way. Tootsie was with her. Binkie was there, of course. Peggy was playing with a toy on the floor and Jackie was hanging around listening. The Wolsen's cat and the Wolsen's dog were there too.

We began to play at once.

I made Mrs. Noggins kiss Mrs. Wolsen and the baby, Chuckles. "The darling baby," cooed Mrs. Noggins doll. "Isn't he a love! I came over to ask you what you had decided about Miss Littledoll's school, Marie."

"I think," replied Mrs. Wolsen doll, "that Binkie's father will have to decide the matter."

"Has he seen the catalog, dear?"

"You know he is very busy——"

"Oh—— I suppose he is writing a new story?"

"Yes. He is in the study now." Marjorie turned to me. "Shall I make him object?" she asked.

"Well, he is your doll, Marjorie, you know. You must make him do what you think best."

"Then I think I'll have him object," Marjorie giggled. "You just wait!"

Here, Binkie doll ran forward to her mother's chair. "Mother, mayn't I go to Miss Littledoll's? I want to go to Miss Littledoll's!"

"I'm going," danced Tootsie doll.

"Be still, Tootsie," Mrs. Noggins reproved.

"Please, Mother," begged Binkie. "It isn't necessary to bother Daddy!"

"Run away, child," urged Mrs. Wolsen. "Take Tootsie outdoors and play in the sun—— Jackie, you go too. Peggy can stay here with me. If you cannot be quiet, you must run away, children, and not bother us. Ermelinda dear, do take off your coat."

Mrs. Noggins wore a white corduroy coat that Marjorie had sewed. She had, too, a most stylish

velvet hat. It is always a marvel to me how well Marjorie sews them. I wonder if you like to sew doll-clothes too?

Mrs. Noggins doll wore a blue crêpe dress under the cloak. It was sprigged with pink flowers—very pretty.

"How do you like my new dress, dear?" asked Mrs. Noggins doll turning around before Mrs. Wolsen to show it off. "I bought it at Wanamaker's Store—a very great bargain. It was in the basement. Don't you think that the bargains in the basement are wonderful!"

"I think I will buy one like it. Do tell me what you paid!"

"It was four dollars ninety-eight."

"Dear me!" I protested. "They aren't discussing Binkie's going to Miss Littledoll's School at all, Marjorie!"

"Supposing that she couldn't go at all!"

"Wouldn't it be dreadful! Then I should have spent eighty cents on little girl dolls and forty cents for teachers—all for nothing! I don't want to play in the dolls' school without Binkie!"

"Supposing Daddy Wolsen wouldn't let her go!"

"I think he doesn't care much for boarding-school, does he?"

"No, he likes day-school. He says Binkie is too young for real boarding-school and Miss Littledoll's is too far away."

"Then Mrs. Wolsen *did* show him the catalog?"

"No, she just told him about it at breakfast."

"I wish they would stop talking about bargains and talk about the school——"

Marjorie interrupted. "Sh! I think they're going to begin! Listen!"

It was Mrs. Wolsen doll that was talking. "I suppose, if we do decide to send Binkie to school that I will have to see very soon that she has new clothes."

"They dress very simply," suggested Mrs. Noggins.

"Of course, I would want Binkie to have the right things. The matter ought to be decided, I know. The trouble is that Mr. Wolsen is so busy with his story that he can't be disturbed. He says

it disturbs him to think of anything but that now."

"But it has to be decided, dear. The school is very small. Only a few children are admitted. It is a great chance! Binkie and Tootsie could go together—it is ideal!"

"We are going to send Jackie to an academy this fall. It would be very lonely here in our dolls' house without Binkie."

"You must think of what is best for Binkie," Mrs. Noggins doll urged.

"Of course, if her Daddy gives his consent, I will let Binkie go," said Mrs. Wolsen doll. "The chief trouble is to get Mr. Wolsen to think about the school when he is busy writing a story."

"There is such wonderful home atmosphere at Miss Littledoll's," urged Mrs. Noggins. . . . ("Home atmosphere, Marjorie, means that everybody calls everybody 'dear' and all the little girl dolls go by their pet names. They only call them 'Miss' when they are naughty and break the rules.")

"I see."

"Did you know about the *Letter to Parents?*"

"No."

DADDY WOLSEN'S STUDY

THIS is where Binkie doll interrupted her busy daddy to ask if he would let her go with Tootsie to Miss Littledoll's School. You can see by the papers littered over the study table just how *very* busy Mr. Wolsen was when Binkie interrupted.

"Well, maybe Mrs. Wolsen put it out of sight. She probably didn't want Binkie or Tootsie to see it."

"What was the *Letter to Parents?*"

"It is a letter that most schools send to the pupils' parents. It says that the scholars are not to receive boxes of food from home and that there are to be no spreads."

"What are spreads?" inquired Marjorie. "Are they indoor picnics that the little girl dolls have in their rooms?"

I nodded. "They are ever so much fun. Some schools forbid them. I think, if Tootsie knew there were to be no spreads at Miss Littledoll's, she wouldn't want to go. Tootsie is counting on the fun more than on the studies. Mrs. Noggins is hoping that the school life will help Tootsie to be more studious."

While Marjorie and I were talking, the life in Marjorie's doll house went on, I dare say, just as if we were listening. Mrs. Wolsen and Mrs. Noggins doll talked over the school and many other things doll-mothers would be apt to talk about. Marjorie and I could see them as we sat

together on the floor beside the dolls' house. We could also see the other dolls of the doll house busy in the other rooms.

Marjorie's doll house has four real rooms—a bedroom, a study, a dining-room and a kitchen. There is an attic too. It has some doll trunks in it. When we play in the white doll house, we usually *pretend* that there are ever so many other rooms. We have to.

As it really was, now, the children—that is, Jackie, Tootsie, and Peggy were in the kitchen. They were quite a crowd in the doll kitchen. Marjorie supposed they were begging Jenny, the coloured cook, to let them make fudge.

I said I thought so too. I thought so all the more when I observed that Jackie had Ted with him and that Uncle Tom, the hired man—he was a coloured man-doll—was trying to make them all go out of the kitchen.

"You all clear out of here! 'Tain't any place for children to be," he asserted. "Did yo' ma tell yo' yo' could make candy this time o' day?"

"No, she didn't say we could," replied Binkie, "but we want to. We won't be in the way.

Please, Jenny, do let me have some sugar and some butter and——"

"Missy Binkie," protested Jenny, the coloured cook-doll. "Bless yo' heart, dearie, but I can't unless my Mrs. Wolsen, yo' ma, say you could make candy!"

Here Tootsie and Ted and Jackie and Binkie and Peggy dolls all protested that if Mother knew she would surely let them.

"When we go to Miss Littledoll's School," declared Tootsie, "we can make candy all the time. We can make it on our chafing-dish. The girls have spreads and make candy at boarding-school, Binkie."

"But I don't yet know whether I'm going!"

"Why don't you go and ask your Father," suggested Ted. "He's the one that's going to decide it."

"He's busy."

"I'd go ask, if I were you," advised Jackie.

"Would you?"

"Yes, I would."

"Well, I'll do it then. You can all wait in the

hall—— We won't make the candy till afterwards."

So they left the kitchen.

"They are in the hall now, I suppose," I said. We had to *pretend* there was a hall in the dolls' house. There really was none, you know.

"Yes, they're in the hall. I think Binkie must know that she ought not to disturb her Daddy!"

"He *is* very, very busy!"

Yes, Daddy Wolsen doll fingers were fairly pounding the typewriter. He was writing a story that was going to be a long book and he was just in the most ex-cit-ing place. I knew exactly how he would feel at an interruption. Maybe, he wouldn't even hear the knock!

Well, Binkie went up the *pretend* stairs while the others waited. Halfway up, she paused. She began to remember that nobody ever disturbed Daddy when he was at work. Mother could go into the study but nobody else.

"Go on—hurry up," urged Jackie and Ted.

"It'll all be over soon," said Tootsie.

Binkie went up a few more steps.

She came to the study door. She knocked very softly.

Clickety-clickety-click, click, click, clickety-clickety-click. Mr. Wolsen doll was so busy and there was so much noise in the doll house study that he didn't hear the knock at all. He was very, very busy.

Binkie knocked again.

No answer.

Binkie went to the head of the stairs. "Daddy doesn't hear," she called softly. "I can't make him answer!"

"Oh, go ahead!" Jackie insisted. "Knock again! If you don't, I will. Daddy won't mind. It is only a minute. He can go right on again after he has answered."

(I looked at Marjorie and Marjorie looked at me. We knew that this was naughty. Neither Jackie or Binkie should disturb Daddy Wolsen while at work. Tootsie and Ted knew it too. We wondered if they would be punished afterwards. The whole crowd would need it.)

We watched Binkie. She went back to the door and knocked again, louder.

No answer. Clickety-clickety-clickety-click!

Binkie knocked harder.

No answer. Clickety-clickety-clickety-click!

Binkie came to the head of the stairs again. "I think I won't disturb him," she feebly asserted.

"Then I'll go," and Jackie rushed up the stairs —he didn't mean to do it as he said. He meant to make Binkie do it. Binkie was a good little girl doll.

Well, Binkie rushed right by him, of course. She didn't knock at the study door—— Oh, bad Binkie! She went right in with a bounce and stood beside Mr. Wolsen doll's busy study table where the click of the typewriter stopped suddenly and Daddy Wolsen looked up.

His face was vexed.

"Daddy!"

"Yes, child." Clickety-clickety-click-clickety-click-clickety-click—— He was busy at work again ignoring Binkie entirely.

"Daddy dear!"

"Yes," returned Daddy Wolsen absently clicking away. "Yes, go on. What is it?"

"May I have anything I want? You always said you wanted me to be happy."

"Well——" clickety - clickety - click - clickety - click.

"May I have anything I want?"

"Oh, yes, child! But run away. If you'll only run away you can have anything you want!"

But Binkie hesitated.

Daddy Wolsen doll put his hand into his pocket. He thought Binkie wanted some spending money.

"I don't want that," Binkie explained. "I want to know if you'll let me go to boarding-school with Tootsie Noggins this fall. It's a splendid school. I'll study ever so hard and be a splendid credit to the family, if you will let me."

Mr. Wolsen doll laughed.

"I wish my little girl hadn't interrupted me at work," he reproved. "I think it might be a good thing for her to go away to school and learn discipline."

Binkie hung her head.

"I just *had* to know, Father!"

"Well, don't do it again, Binkie. Give me a kiss. If your Mother thinks best, you can go."

"Hooray!" cried Binkie, bursting out of the study door into the crowd waiting. "Mother approves. I'm going! Oh, I'm going to Miss Littledoll's School!"

CHAPTER FOUR: THE ARRIVAL

CHAPTER IV

THE ARRIVAL

"WHAT a funny way to decide it," laughed Marjorie. "I'm so glad Binkie can go, aren't you?"

"There really couldn't be any fun for us to play Miss Littledoll's School, if Binkie *wasn't* going to go! You'll have to sew her clothes as well as those of the teachers! The school ought to open next week."

"Next *week!* It won't take me a whole week to make the doll clothes. I can finish them to-day, maybe, if I hurry!"

"I mean a play-week," I explained. "We'll *pretend* that it is as long as that. When you have finished dressing the teachers, bring them over. I think they ought to be in the school before the little girls arrive. I have no doubt that there are matters Miss Littledoll would like to talk over with them."

"Very well," Marjorie assented. And then I

left her. I wanted ever so much to see what the teachers would be like but I couldn't play any more that day. The last I saw of Marjorie was suggestive of a zeal for sewing for she waved her blue bag of materials at me as I went down the street. The pieces Mrs. Roberts had given her for sewing must have been in it. I had heard about them and seen some of them. The pieces had come exactly at the right time to make the costumes for the teachers and the little dolls, I thought.

Marjorie is really a *dabster* at sewing. I often marvel at how she does things. She can take a piece of cloth and cut it out in a shape that is made with a snip of her scissors—and then with some thread and a needle the whole will turn out a little doll's hat or cloak—maybe a dress. And Marjorie always consults the style books. I need only ask what the latest thing is and Marjorie can tell me whether I am or am not dressed in style. Of course, Miss Littledoll's School, being what you call a select school, was to be rather well dressed.

It was next day that Marjorie brought the teacher dolls over. I wish you could have seen them. They were wonderfully well done. We

liked the cross teacher, Miss Means, ever so much. She wore a plain brown dress with a queer kind of coat. Her hair was worn flat and not a bit crimpy and on it there was a queer plum-coloured velvet hat.

Miss Scribble, the Literature and History teacher, was arrayed in a simple grey suit. Her black shiny china hair was parted in the middle. She had a sailor-shaped hat. The hat was wonderful—really wonderful! You couldn't have guessed how Marjorie made it. (If you'll keep it a secret, I'll tell you. It was a woven straw stopple of a bottle! But you never would have dreamed it!)

Mlle. Ouinon, being French, was arrayed in the height of the mode. She had real style—chic! Her hair was quite crimpy and done in a knot with pins. She had blue eyes and there were blue flowers on her toque that exactly matched them.

Yes, the teachers were a huge success!

"Binkie's clothes aren't quite ready yet but they will be soon," said Marjorie. "I'm making her a perfectly lovely middy-dress. School girls always wear them, you know. *I* have one."

We pretended that the teachers had arrived properly at the Littledoll station and had met Miss Littledoll and been conducted to their rooms.

I confess, the rooms did seem rather bare—but school bedrooms always look that way before they have been fixed up with couch-covers and pictures and plants and banners. *I* said so and I ought to know because I have actually been to boarding-school.

Late that afternoon I heard some interesting sounds in the toy-closet that is my store-room next the study. I thought I had heard Marjorie come in and run up the back stairs. She came and went as she chose now. If she heard the click of the typewriter, she never knocked at my door. There had been plenty to do to fix up the school on the floor of the toy-closet. Maybe she was putting some finishing touches to the arrangement of tables and chairs. Maybe—maybe, some of the little girl dolls had arrived! I wondered, might it be Tootsie and Binkie? I *had* to go and see!

"Hello!" I greeted, poking my head through

OFF FOR SCHOOL

HERE are all the Wolsen and Noggins and Bracton children running for the train that is to take them to the junction. Betty Bracton with her father and Mrs. Noggins are ahead. Tootsie is trying to keep up with Jackie behind them. Ted is running after Jackie. Binkie is with Daddy Wolsen and sister Peggy. Daddy Wolsen, you see, went off without a hat. Uncle Tom is carrying Binkie's suitcase.

the door of the toy-closet. "Want me to come and play for a while?"

Marjorie beamed. "See——" she said. "There they are! They've all come. They nearly lost their train."

Sure enough! In the hall of the little dolls' school stood Miss Littledoll herself all in black velvet with shining jet trimming and her hair done up, "just so" on the top of her head. It was black and shining like the jet trimming of the velvet dress. Around her in a circle were all the little dolls, Rosalinda Clara Smith and Penelope Jukes and Dotty Dawson and Binkie Wolsen and Tootsie Noggins and Laura Brown and Phœbe Snow and Jane James and Annette Allison and Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch.

There were little doll trunks and boxes and hand-bags and dress-suit cases and baskets all around in the hall. The children had not yet been to their rooms. They had arrived at this very minute, I suppose, when I popped my head into the toy-closet where Marjorie was sitting on the floor playing.

Some of the little dolls appeared to be home-

sick already. I thought Tootsie seemed pretty quiet for *her* and Binkie Wolsen seemed a bit weepy—you see she had said good-bye to Jackie at the Junction. He and Ted were at a boys' academy not far from there.

"My dears," suggested Miss Littledoll, and her voice was like the soft purr of a contented pussy-cat, "you will all be happy here in your new home, I hope. If you are good, you will always be happy. Now, if you will leave your bags in the hall and go into Room A., Mademoiselle Ouinon will give you your numbers. You have to draw for your rooms, dears!"

Then Tootsie and Binkie weren't going to be able to room together! Good-bye to all the plans they had formed at home in the white doll house at Marjorie's!

It was exciting for we didn't know who would room with whom! All the little girl dolls were excited too. They couldn't wait to get their numbers.

"Maybe Binkie will have to room with Jane James," I suggested. "Wouldn't that be sad!" For of all the little dolls, Jane James was most un-

attractive. She had a snub nose and a cross-eyed expression. She wore a blue tam-o'-shanter.

"The rooms are assigned by lot, Marjorie. All the little girl dolls have numbers given them and these are the numbers of their rooms. When they go to the rooms, the room-mates are there. (I'm not sure that all schools do it this way but Miss Littledoll's Select School does.)"

We made Mlle. Ouinon distribute the numbers in Class Room A. Binkie examined hers. It was number *Seven*. She asked Tootsie what hers was. It was number *Three*—so, of course, that meant that they couldn't be room-mates! And that was one of the things they had so wanted when, at home, they planned the good times they were going to have at Miss Littledoll's!

Binkie, with Tootsie, hunted up her room. It had two little beds, two chairs, and two tables exactly alike. It seemed very unlike her own room in the white doll house at Marjorie's. And there was the room-mate waiting—she was dressed in an odd way and wore a tam-o'-shanter.

"Are you the girl I'm going to room with?"

Binkie asked. Oh, she hoped the other girl would say, No!

"My number is the number of this room," answered the other. (She had a squeaky voice.)

"Then we must be room-mates," Binkie smiled, willing to make the best of it. "My name is Binkie Wolsen."

"Mine is Jane James," returned the other little girl doll. "I choose this bed and table and chair. I was here first." (She had taken the best there was!)

Binkie had been brought up to think of the rights of others. So had Tootsie. Tootsie didn't hesitate to say, "Well, you better ask Miss Littledoll about that, Binkie." Tootsie thought all the best things should be divided evenly. Binkie's bed had a mussed cover on it; Binkie's table was all scratched up; Binkie's chair had a wobbly leg. And Binkie had the part of the room that wasn't near the window!

"You can ask Miss Littledoll, if you like," said Jane James.

"Oh, no!" Binkie replied. "It won't be at all necessary. You were here first and you have a

THE LITTLE DOLLS AT HALCYON HALL

MISS LITTLEDOLL is welcoming all the little girls to Halcyon Hall. They are standing in the main hall and the expressman has left their trunks and bags there. Penelope Jukes is standing behind Binkie and Tootsie.

right to choose." Then she put her arm around Tootsie and they went off to find Tootsie's room and Tootsie's room-mate.

They hunted for room Number Three and found it. It was on another floor below Binkie's. There was nobody in it when they came in so they sat down to wait for the room-mate. Tootsie said she'd be sure to come because everybody was hunting rooms now.

Then the door opened and in walked a little girl doll with a bag. She wore a white coat and hat. Both were trimmed with pink. "Hello!" she greeted. "*Which* of you belongs to me?"

"I do," Tootsie said.

"Then I'm going to hug you right away," the little girl doll answered. (She was as good as her word.) "My name's Rosalinda Clara Smith," she rattled on. "You can call me Pinkie, if you like—everybody does at home and I like it. They call me that because I like pink so much, you know. I have a pink room and I always like to wear pink. Even my little dog wears a pink ribbon all the time. I had to leave him at home but they promised faithfully to let me know every day exactly

how he was. You know Miss Littledoll doesn't like the girls to use nicknames but you needn't call me Pinkie before her. It will seem more like being at home if you begin by calling me Pinkie. Isn't it forlorn in this room? Let's move the beds up close together so we can talk at night and be sociable—— Who's your friend?"

Tootsie introduced Binkie.

"Oh, I hope you'll call me Pinkie too," the little Rosalinda Clara Smith urged. "Where do you two live? I live in Dollyville. I don't suppose you ever went there or heard of it but we think it's the *only* place that ever was! My Dad is afraid I'm getting too spoiled so he sent me to Miss Littledoll's."

"We come from Playtown, the suburb of Play City," said Binkie. "That isn't very far from Dollyville."

But, right here, into the room walked Miss Littledoll. She was followed by Jane James.

"We are looking for the other little girl doll who drew number Seven," announced Miss Littledoll. "Jane said it was Binkie Wolsen. There was a mistake for three names have been given that same

number. Mlle. Ouinon wants you to draw again, Binkie dear."

"I don't care who I have for a room-mate," they heard Jane James say to Miss Littledoll, aside. "This one came to the room first. We've already chosen our beds and tables and chairs. I'd as lieve keep this one."

What Miss Littledoll answered, neither Marjorie or I heard. We were anxious to find out what Mlle. Ouinon's new number would be. All three of the girls would choose again, probably. Jane James might not be Binkie's room-mate!

Tootsie and Binkie found Mlle. Ouinon in Class Room A. They explained. Then Miss Littledoll came in with Jane James. There were a number of girls in the room. And Mlle. Ouinon, after talking excitedly with Miss Littledoll a moment spoke, "Zere has been a mistake, I find. Ze three girls zat have ze number all alike—I mean ze number of Number Seven room, please to come here."

Binkie, Jane James and a dark-haired little girl doll with a blue dress and sailor collar stepped forward. Jane James drew first—— She pushed

herself before both the others she was so rude. She looked at the number. "It's not fair," she declared. "*I* was in that room first and my things are in the bureau drawer already. I can't move now. I chose the bed and table and the chair next to the window."

What a joke! She had drawn another room!

Well, it was Binkie's turn next. She and the little girl doll in a blue sailor suit matched their numbers. They laughed. They were both glad not to get Jane James for a room-mate. "I wonder who's going to have her!" mused Tootsie.

Jane James was still fussing about the bureau drawer and the bed and the table and the chair. She walked off with a little girl doll they called Laura Brown—poor Laura! Their room was Number Five.

"My name is Penelope Jukes," Binkie's room-mate explained. "I know you are Binkie Wolsen because somebody told me. I'm ever so glad we are going to room together, aren't you? I should have hated to room with Jane James!"

"So should I."

"Do you know, I asked her to lend me two cents

BINKIE'S ROOM AT SCHOOL

IN this picture, you see Binkie Wolsen's room as it looked before it was "fixed up." Miss Littledoll is there with Jane James. Tootsie is waiting in the background. She has not yet seen her room or her room-mate. She feels a little homesick.

to buy a postage stamp—because I didn't have my purse. She wouldn't do it. I hope you'll lend me things, will you? I don't like girls that don't lend their things. You can borrow any of mine that you like any time!"

"Thank you," said Binkie.

And then because there was nothing more to do that day but get settled and unpacked, I decided to go back to the work I had left in my study. Marjorie remained at Miss Littledoll's to see what happened when Binkie and Penelope Jukes "fixed up" their room. All the little girl dolls were fixing up their rooms. I should have liked to stay and see the fun. They weren't allowed to put thumbtacks in the wall; they weren't allowed to tear up the carpet that was provided; they had to keep the couch and the rug that was *in the room* but there was a great deal of excitement about how pictures should be hung and whose couch-cover was the one to use; and whether a Yale banner should go beside one of Harvard's; and who should have the desk next to the window and the bed with the better blankets. Trunks and boxes

kept coming. Stepladders were in demand. I wished I were with Marjorie playing in the toy-closet with Miss Littledoll's School on the day before school-opening!

CHAPTER FIVE: THE OPENING DAY

CHAPTER V

THE OPENING DAY

ALL the little girl dolls at Halcyon Hall had finished arranging their rooms when Marjorie and I went to the school to play next day. I found that Tootsie and Pinkie—I suppose I ought to call her Rosalinda Clara Smith—had a very cosy, home-like study. Their beds were covered to look like couches and both had rented fancy desks. They had two tables beside. Pinkie had bought a scrapbasket and a rocking chair and Tootsie had written home to ask Mother Noggins if she could have the old screen that was in the studio.

Binkie's room already had a screen. It must have been left by a pupil who used the room last year. In Binkie's room Penelope Jukes had hung a Syracuse University banner and they also had a Votes for Women poster. (In all the little girl dolls' rooms posters and banners were in great

demand. The banners didn't mean that they had brothers at the colleges—but they were bought at a store, most usually—Marjorie and I didn't know exactly why they liked banners so much, unless it was because everybody thought they *ought* to like them.

There were no little girl dolls in the school bedrooms when Marjorie and I began play in the toy-room that day. They had all gone to the Assembly Hall and sat in rows facing a platform on which the teachers were arranged.

There was a piano on the platform. The teacher-pupil played it. She was a kind of student, but some of the girls like Betty Bracton, who had been a year at Miss Littledoll's before this, knew her and said she helped Miss Scribble correct compositions and was a regular freak in English work. She was studying music, too, and gave some of the pupils music lessons.

In front of the row of teachers there was a chair and table for Miss Littledoll. Usually, I think, she stood when she talked to the girls. This morning she gave the school a very long and earnest address.

"My dear children," said Miss Littledoll, "you have come, some of you, a long, long way to this beautiful school that is to be your home. I hope you will be happy. If you are good you will *always* be happy, remember! You have left behind you your pleasant homes with your dear friends and families. They all want you to be good and have great hopes of your being good students."

(Here I whispered to Marjorie to look at Tootsie.) Tootsie was homesick. She was using her hanky. I suppose the mention of home and families made her. All the other little girl dolls—Dotty Dawson and Binkie and Laura Brown and even Pinkie seemed affected. Jane James wasn't and, no doubt, Betty Bracton had heard the same kind of talk before, so they weren't crying.

I don't believe Marjorie or I heard all of Miss Littledoll's morning talk. Maybe some of the little girl dolls didn't either, for I saw some of them watching the teachers on the platform as the talk went on and on. They stopped crying —that is, some of them.

I don't know how it was that the teachers could

sit so straight and solemn. First there came the cross teacher, Miss Sophonisba Ann Means. She wore goggles and was next to the piano. (*She* sat up beautifully straight!)

Then there was Miss Scribble, A.B. Next her sat Mlle. Ouinon. The Art and Drawing professor was at the end of the row. He came to the school only twice a week, but on the first day of school and when there was anything very special, Marjorie explained, he came to sit on the platform. I suppose it was like having a Trustee—putting him there made the special Assembly Meeting quite *important*. Having him there made the number of teachers larger, too. (I told Marjorie that *I* thought he looked re-mark-a-bly like Mr. Bracton doll that we played with at Marjorie's in the white doll house. Marjorie said, "Well, yes, the likeness *was* strong—maybe they were re-la-ted." You see we had to *pretend* that Mr. Bracton *was* another doll—just for fun!)

After we had carefully examined the teachers, we began to watch Miss Littledoll again. The talk was going on and on. There was always

THE ASSEMBLY HALL PLATFORM

YOU can see the pupil-teacher at the piano. You can see Miss Littledoll addressing the school. Her table and chair are in front of the row of teacher dolls. There is always a plant on the table, a book, and a small clock. Back of the principal is the cross teacher with goggles. Next her is Miss Scribble. Then comes Mlle. Ouinon and the teacher of Art.

a long talk on the first day of the school's opening, Betty Bracton whispered to her new roommate, Phœbe Snow. Miss Littledoll was really handsome. It was interesting to look at her. Her black hair was done *just so*—oh, frightfully neat! It had bright places in it that shone and matched the jet trimming of her wonderful black velvet dress. I am sure that all the little girl dolls must have admired her and inwardly hoped that when they grew up they would be as perfect and as handsome.

"Yes, my dears," Miss Littledoll went on, "this day will be a great day in your lives when you look back at it twenty years from now. You will remember my saying that *If you are good, you will be happy,* and you will remember that you resolved to be good and so be happy.

"Being good means that you must study your lessons as well as you can. Being good means that you must keep the rules of the school. Being good means eating what is set before you at the school dining-table and not writing home that the food is bad——" (Here I saw Tootsie turn around in her chair and wink at Binkie Wolsen.

Binkie was looking at Miss Littledoll earnestly. She didn't see Tootsie's wink.) It was Betty Bracton who caught Tootsie's wink and returned it. But Tootsie at once looked very good and began to pay attention beautifully. I knew she didn't mean to be a bit disrespectful to Miss Littledoll, but I knew that Miss Means must have seen it and that Tootsie would be called to account later on.

"Being good means that you don't turn around in your chair and wink at another pupil when the Principal is addressing the Assembly," went on Miss Littledoll. (Oh my! I guess Tootsie must have felt small after *that!*) Miss Littledoll's eyes were squarely looking *at her.* She wiggled uncomfortably and looked into her lap. Then, all of a sudden, overcome with the mortification, she rose from her seat and walked out boo-hooing! "Boo-hoo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

She walked right out of the Assembly Hall! Fancy! Wasn't that dreadful? Imagine it! On the first day of school! Boo-hoo!

This made great excitement. All the little girl dolls began to turn around in their seats and

look to see if anybody from the row of teachers would get up and follow Tootsie and Binkie. (Binkie had hopped right up and gone after Tootsie when she heard her crying. Binkie was nothing if not loyal!)

It was Miss Sophonisba Ann Means who arose, of course. Whenever there was a case of real discipline the scolding was given her to do.

She followed Tootsie and Binkie out into the corridor. Binkie had her arms around Tootsie when Miss Means opened the Assembly Hall door and swept out into the corridor after them.

"It is against the rules to leave the Assembly Hall without permission, young ladies," snapped the cross teacher. "*Why* are you here?"

"Because Tootsie was crying and I came to see if I could comfort her," replied Binkie.

"Boo-hoo," said Tootsie.

"It is very weak-minded to cry," Miss Means went on. "Of course I know that you have cause to be ashamed of what you *did*. No young lady who is well-bred will turn around in her chair and wink at another young lady when Miss

Littledoll, the Principal of a select school, is talking. You are ashamed of yourself!"

"Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo."

"I hope you will never again do such an im-po-lite thing, young ladies." (She included Binkie, you see. Poor Binkie!) "I will take ten demerits from your reports, both of you. You may report to Miss Littledoll after school session. Now, go right back into Assembly Hall to your seats."

"Boo-hoo! I-I-I—I can't!" sobbed Tootsie.

"Can't," echoed Miss Means. "Go right along at once!——"

But right here the big door of the little doll Assembly Hall swung open and everybody flocked out! Tootsie was saved for the time being. She was immediately surrounded with girls. Miss Means disappeared into Class Room B.

"What did she say to you?" they all demanded.

"Boo-hoo! She—said—I—was—— Boo-hoo!" Tootsie gave way to more sobs.

"*What?*"

"Weak-minded!"

"She always says that, if you cry," declared Betty Bracton. "Cheer up! Miss Littledoll is always nice when you report to her. She never says anything but *Be good and you'll be happy.*"

"But it's a dis-grace!"

"You didn't mean it. You can tell her so!"

Here the gong sounded for classes and the crowd broke up. Tootsie and Binkie consulted their schedules. Both had arithmetic—worse luck, Miss Means again! They filed into Room B quietly. Tootsie's eyes were red, but she was herself again.

It was just Tootsie's luck to begin with her weakest subject, arithmetic, of course. There were only five in the class, so that everybody would have a good chance to recite. At Miss Littledoll's School they believed in having small classes. They called it in the catalog giving the pupils "personal attention."

It was natural that Miss Means, finding Tootsie in the class, should at once begin by asking *her* to recite.

"Tootsie Noggins," she said, as soon as the class began, "we will begin with some mental

arithmetic and you may rise and tell me, 'If a man walked one mile one day and two miles the next day, and a friend of his set out and walked two miles one day and one mile next day, what would the difference be?' "

"That sounds very hard," I commented aside to Marjorie. "Do you think you could do a problem like that if you were a little girl doll?"

We smiled. Tootsie doll, however, rose from her seat in the class, looked at the cross teacher of Miss Littledoll's School and hesitated. "I don't know," she replied. "It would depend upon the direction each was going."

Everybody laughed. Miss Means, the cross teacher, frowned. "You may sit," she commanded. "Betty Bracton, give me the answer."

Betty Bracton arose and looked at the ceiling for inspiration. No reply came. The class waited.

"You may come here and stand beside the desk till you have solved the problem, Betty Bracton," Miss Means decided. "Stand right there by the globe and face the class. We will take up another problem. Binkie Wolsen, 'If ten men worked

LESSONS IN CLASSROOM B

MISS MEANS, the cross teacher, is shaking her ruler at Binkie Wolsen who is trying to recite. Binkie is really trying to think. She is disturbed by Betty Bracton's crying into her hanky. (You see, Betty Bracton has to stand by the table till she can give the right answer to the mental arithmetic problem. Miss Means is keeping her there to make her ashamed.)

on a railroad eight hours a day for one hundred and twenty-three and three-quarters hours, doing six feet two in three-quarters minutes, how long would the line of railroad that they made be?' "

Binkie rose. She, too, was very weak in mental arithmetic and she got no further than the repeated problem. Betty Bracton, standing beside teacher's desk, was openly sniffing. It was all a very mournful and cross class that seemed quite stupid. Miss Means rapped with her ruler. "I think," she said, "we have had enough failures. We will, however, go right around the class. The next may rise."

The next rose. It was Jane James. She couldn't do mental arithmetic.

Neither could Penelope Jukes.

Neither could Annette Allison.

Miss Means walked the floor. "It is a disgrace! Nobody here can do mental arithmetic," she fumed. "We will begin and drill every day as if we were a *primer class* and I hope you will all be ashamed of yourselves!" Then as a long half hour of mental arithmetic passed and everybody still failed to know anything, and as Betty

Bracton still stood by the globe and couldn't answer *her* problem, Miss Means told them what *she* thought of them and gave them oral drill in multiplication and subtraction of fractions. Oh, it was dreadful! The class was grateful to hear the gong that announced a change of subject. Binkie and Tootsie then went to Mlle. Ouinon, whom they liked—Oh, you couldn't help but like *her!* As for Miss Scribble she found that Binkie had a good deal of literary talent and both Tootsie and Binkie liked *her.*

The day was a very busy one. At its close the little dolls were laden with school books and lessons enough to keep them busy all the evening study-hour. At Miss Littledoll's School there was a study-hour from eight to nine. At nine the little girl dolls were all supposed to go to bed. Lights had to be out at half-past nine. The teachers came around to see if the lights were out: one week Miss Means would come; another week, Mlle. Ouinon; another week, Miss Scribble, so Betty Bracton explained.

Marjorie didn't want to leave the little doll school after the lesson session. But it was lunch

time for us both and we had to stop. Marjorie said she wanted to know what the little girl dolls would do in recess time.

"My but I'm glad I'm not in Miss Means' class, Marjorie!" I laughed, at parting. (Oh, but the school books! They were the cunningest ever! Marjorie had made them from bits of cardboard pasted together. They were of uniform size—simply wonderfully made, exactly like books and it didn't take much imagination to *pretend* they were quite real. I dare say Binkie and Tootsie found them real enough.)

CHAPTER SIX: THE HALCYON HALL BASKET BALL TEAM

CHAPTER VI

THE HALCYON HALL BASKET BALL TEAM

IN the days that passed by in play with Miss Littledoll's School, Marjorie and I often wondered what was going on in the white doll house. Like Binkie and Tootsie, we wanted to see Mother Wolsen and Mother Noggins and both daddies. We also wanted to know how the baby, Chuckles, was after getting a new tooth. So, one afternoon, we went back to the white doll house that was Binkie's home.

As usual, Daddy Wolsen was in the study. But we found, upon looking, that he was not writing a story on his typewriter. It was a letter with a heading that began, "My own dear little Binkie Doll Daughter."

Mrs. Wolsen and Chuckles hadn't changed much—except that Marjorie thought Chuckles *had* grown a bit. It seemed quite lifeless and

uneventful without the children that belonged to the Wolsen home.

"How long is it to vacation?" I asked.

"Oh, there isn't any till Thanksgiving!"

"What a long time for Mrs. Wolsen and Mr. Wolsen and Binkie and Jackie to wait!"

"Yes, they miss the children very much and Mrs. Wolsen thinks, from Binkie's letters, that she is homesick. She would like to send Binkie a box of goodies from home, but, you remember, Miss Littledoll doesn't permit that."

I sighed. We could both understand how hard it was both for the children at school and the parents at home. We hoped that Binkie was still doing well at Miss Littledoll's. Mrs. Wolsen, so Marjorie said, didn't quite like Binkie's roommate, Penelope Jukes, you know. She thought Binkie would have been happier with her old friend, Tootsie Noggins, and she had written urging Miss Littledoll to change her. Binkie wrote that Penelope was always borrowing. She said she had to hide all her things because Penelope *would* borrow: she wore Binkie's new middy and she wore Binkie's slippers. She borrowed—

yes, my dear! She even—don't tell about it—borrowed Binkie's toothbrush! Binkie was furious about that and wrote right home to Mother to please send enough extra spending money to buy a new one, for she, of course, didn't have any spending money left. Penelope had borrowed a good share of it. Mrs. Wolsen felt that Miss Littledoll would—she *must* give Binkie a better room-mate. Yet, Binkie seemed to like Penelope and they got on well together.

Marjorie and I thought that Binkie Wolsen was much too obliging to Penelope. She ought to have been up and down. She ought to have said, "No, dear, you can't wear my middy-blouse all the whole time—You can't!"

"Borrowing is a bad habit at boarding school, Marjorie," I explained. "There are always girls who borrow, and I suppose at boys' schools it is the same way. I should hate to be a borrower, wouldn't you?"

"I think it is dreadful," replied Marjorie. "Some of the children at Miss Littledoll's borrow suitcases or bags when they go off on a week-end visit. Last time Phœbe Snow spent Sunday with

her Aunt she wore Annette Allison's silk stockings, Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch's shoes—her *best* high lace shoes; she had Dotty Dawson's one-piece second-best dress and Binkie Wolsen's cloak. Penelope Jukes gave her a pocket handkerchief to carry. Betty Bracton let her take her gloves and she carried Tootsie Noggins' purse."

Tootsie and Betty have been brought up to be ashamed to borrow, but some of the other little dolls at the school had not been as carefully trained at home. It did seem a pity!

We sat beside the white doll house together while Daddy Wolsen finished his letter to Binkie, urging her never to borrow of any little girl doll at the school—except perhaps a pencil, he said. He enclosed a check of spending money and told Binkie not to give any more to Penelope Jukes. He said he hoped he could arrange later to have his little daughter go to room with Tootsie Noggins—he was sure Tootsie had been brought up to respect the rights of others.

I think, after he had sealed this letter, he wrote another to the Principal of Halcyon Hall, but Marjorie and I couldn't wait to see. It was, by

THE LITTLE GIRL DOLLS GOING TO CLASS

BINKIE is dragging the toy cart with the doll. That was what she *had* to do after Tootsie Noggins rapped her on the shoulder and said, "Come with me!" It was the beginning of the Secret Society initiation before Miss Littledoll stopped it.

this time, too late in the afternoon. I had to do an errand downtown and I took Marjorie with me. But we left the white doll house with the conviction that it was very lonely there without the Wolsen's doll children.

It was on this same walk down town that Marjorie and I again went into our ten-cent store and there we found the very thing for the basket-ball team of Halcyon Hall. It was a little ball! *Of course,* there was to be a basket-ball team at the school, but I suppose the bloomer suits for play hadn't come yet, so the ball, too, hadn't. Anyhow, Marjorie determined to start the little dolls in the way they should go on the very next day that she came to the toy-closet to play with me. We thought the suits should be made of some of Mrs. Roberts' pieces of thin blue flannel and have white felt letters pasted on them, *H,* standing for Halcyon Hall.

We thought, too, that the little girl dolls should have a class-meeting and elect a president and a treasurer and a secretary.

Next day we saw that they did it. Right after classes were over at twelve, between twelve and

one o'clock, lunch hour, they met in classroom B.: Tootsie and Binkie and Rosalinda Clara Smith and Penelope Jukes and Phœbe Snow and Kathleen Deborah Finch. The others were special students, like Betty Bracton, or they belonged to another class. Binkie was elected president and Phœbe Snow was treasurer. Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch was secretary. Nobody knew exactly what they had to do when elected president or secretary, but they did know that the treasurer took care of the class dues. Class dues were voted twenty-five cents a month. Binkie paid hers, but Tootsie had only ten cents to her name. The rest of them said they would hand it in—of course Penelope tried to borrow hers from Binkie, but, fortunately, Daddy Wolsen's check had not yet come! The class dues were for anything the class might like to use them for—parties and that kind of thing. If any little doll of the class got sick, then the class used the money in the treasury to buy fifty cents' worth of roses to give her—or less if the treasurer didn't have so much money.

I think it was the class dues that suggested to

Tootsie that there ought to be a secret society in the school. There never had been any before, but she had heard about them.

They decided that secret societies always had what they called initiations.

"What are initiations?" demanded Pinkie.

"Well, everybody who wants to belong isn't really *asked*. The ones who are getting up the society run after them on their way from classes and they hit them on their left shoulder," Tootsie explained.

("Ouch," laughed Marjorie.

"You mustn't even think *ouch,* Marjorie," I contradicted. "Everybody is glad to be chosen. Nobody minds.")

"Well, who is going to belong?"

"I haven't yet decided," returned Tootsie. "You will find out to-morrow, after I've considered the matter."

(Tootsie always did like to use big words that sounded grand. In talking about a secret society it did sound well, too.)

"What do you do when you are in-i-tia-ted?"

"You have to do whatever you are told to do,"

answered Tootsie. "It is usually something funny."

All the little girl dolls agreed. They said if Tootsie would rap them on the shoulder after class that they'd be glad to belong and every one of them would do exactly as they were told, no matter how bad or funny it was.

All through the classes that came in the afternoon Binkie and Tootsie were passing notes about the secret society and trying to decide who was to belong.

They could not decide. It was not purely a class affair. It was to be "an honour." Tootsie thought Betty Bracton ought to be in it because she was a friend, and *she* knew she would have to have Pinkie, her room-mate, and that as Binkie belonged they would *have* to ask Binkie's room-mate, Penelope Jukes. She and Binkie spent the night together in Binkie's room. (You know the little girl dolls *did* go visiting each other at night, even though it wasn't supposed to be allowed. They often did it and talked all night long—but if any of the teachers heard the noise they came run-

ning into the room. Then the little girl dolls had to go back to their own beds!)

This night Binkie and Tootsie whispered carefully. (They had to whisper very low lest the room-mate overhear.) They had to plan what everybody was going to be told to do. Some of the stunts were so funny that Binkie and Tootsie had to smother their faces in the blanket and laugh *that* way so as not to make noise.

Well, the next day came and, of course, the news had spread. Everybody knew that Tootsie Noggins was getting up a secret society and everybody came running after Tootsie asking to belong. Tootsie was terribly popular. But she would not tell who was to be chosen—that would have spoiled it!

At last the time arrived! It was after American history class had finished that Tootsie Noggins rapped Binkie Wolsen on her shoulder and in an undertone whispered, "Follow me!"

Everybody knew then that the secret society had started and that Binkie was going to do something funny. They were wide awake watching to see what would happen. It happened not long

after: Binkie came down to the next class trundling a little toy cart with a doll in it. Everywhere she went she had to take the cart and the doll—all day long! You haven't any idea how funny it looked!

Well, in arithmetic class Miss Means *made* her take it out! She took off ten demerits from Binkie's deportment record for having trundled it into class and made the girls laugh. She asked Binkie to explain her actions, but Binkie was loyal and wouldn't, so she took ten more demerits off! Whew!

It was growing exciting: Miss Means wanted to know what the nonsense meant. *She* rather suspected a secret society, Marjorie said.

Betty Bracton would not tell and none of the other girls would tell, for they were all loyal and every one of them hoped to be asked to join later.

And then—you might have expected it—when Miss Means came to Jane James, *she* told!

Miss Means went right to Miss Littledoll and reported it. Miss Littledoll sent for Tootsie and told her she was surprised and displeased that any pupil of Halcyon Hall could do a thing that

THE BASKETBALL TEAM

BINKIE is starting to take a picture of some of the basket ball team in their jerseys and bloomers. All the team wore pink ribbons on hair and white stockings on feet. Tootsie Noggins was nearly bitten but she got Miss Means' pet dog for a mascot. She wanted a mascot and a ball and a "cup" in Binkie Wolsen's snap shot.

was forbidden in the rules of the school. She told Tootsie she would have to write home and tell her parents, and she felt very grieved. Of course, it all ended by Tootsie's having to give up the beautiful plan of having a secret society! Miss Littledoll sent Tootsie to her room and forbade her to come out again that day. Every little girl doll in the school knew *why* Tootsie Noggins had to stay in her room. Every little girl doll felt sorry. One by one, every little girl doll crept in to see Tootsie and comfort her. It was Laura Brown who gave her the most comfort. *She* said that the bloomer suits had come and that there was going to be a basket-ball team organised. *She* would vote for Tootsie to be captain. They would try to have a meeting to-morrow.

That really was exciting news. In spite of Tootsie's being kept in her room with a supper tray of tea and toast, the bloomer suit for basket-ball practise was sent up to her with Pinkie's. When Pinkie came up from tea, each tried on her suit and they played they were boys with knickerbockers on. Binkie said she would take their pictures with the camera she had bought

with Daddy's special check—it had come the afternoon of the initiation day and had been spent for the long-desired kodak. (Binkie was planning to take pictures of everybody and everything at Miss Littledoll's School. She wanted to send them home to Mother Wolsen.)

That night Tootsie and Binkie spent in their own beds. And the next day as soon as lessons were over—Marjorie and I made the time pass *very,* very quickly, because one can always skip over time beautifully when one is playing dolls and pretending—we had Binkie doll take her camera and run out on the campus.

There was Miss Means' little puppy-dog! (She kept the puppy-dog in her room usually because she didn't like to have the little girl dolls pet him.) There was Miss Means' little puppy-dog out for an airing. His name was Wopsie, and Tootsie Noggins said he would be the very thing for a mascot—a basket-ball team or a football team always had a mascot.

All the team wasn't there to be in Binkie's picture, but there was Rosalinda Clara Smith—I mean Pinkie—and there was Penelope Jukes,

and Laura Brown and Annette Allison and Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch.

Marjorie and I fixed a basket-ball net with a bit of veiling and a pill-box cover glued to a dollies' clothes-post. It was ever so good. We made two of them and then we left the little dolls to have their basket-ball practice under the careful coaching of the pupil-teacher.

CHAPTER SEVEN: BROKEN RULES, ICE-CREAM AND TROUBLE

CHAPTER VII

BROKEN RULES, ICE-CREAM AND TROUBLE

AFTER the first few weeks at Miss Littledoll's School—pretend weeks, *of course,* —Jackie wrote Binkie one day that he was coming over to see her. He had been home for a week-end visit and he said Uncle Tom and Jenny, the servants, had entrusted him with a present they wanted to send Binkie. He had secured special permission from *his* school to come down for an afternoon to see his sister. He thought, maybe, Ted could come at the same time to see Tootsie.

Jackie didn't mind coming to a little girl dolls' school, but, it seemed, Ted *did,* so Jackie asked them to meet him at the post-office.

All the little girl dolls at the school were supposed to go outdoors every afternoon. If they did not play basket-ball or golf or tennis, they were on their honour to go to take a walk. There

were very lovely walks all around Halcyon Hall. They were allowed to go anywhere as long as they didn't go to town or to a shop. The teachers always had to go with them when they went to town or did shopping. Both Binkie and Tootsie knew that very well. And they didn't see any harm of meeting Jackie as he had suggested, so they didn't say anything about it. On the day appointed they met Jackie there.

He had been entrusted with a box of fudge of the very kind that the Wolsen children used to make at home. Jenny, the cook, had made it, and Uncle Tom had bought lollipops and put them in the package, too. (I hope you wouldn't do what Jackie did—he had just opened the box of fudge to see what it was like. When he had opened the box to see what it was like he wanted to taste what it was like. Then he began to think that when he carried it to Binkie she would give him some so he thought he might as well eat it beforehand. After this, there wasn't much left, you know!)

Binkie was so glad to see Jackie that she said nothing about his having eaten half the box. He

THE TRAINED BEAR

THIS shows how Binkie and Tootsie and Jackie met the trained bear that they followed to town the day Jackie and Ted came to see their sisters. The bear could stand on his hind legs and dance with the man's long pole while his keeper sang tum-tum-te-tum-tee-tee-tumpety-tum.

was quite ashamed of himself and had the grace to say so. But Binkie divided the rest of the fudge and the lollipops and they ate it walking along and talking about home. Jackie told about Chuckles, and it seemed too good to be true to see her *own* brother, Binkie doll thought. He had left Ted in town—Ted, he said, had directed that Tootsie come over to meet him and that Jackie bring Binkie. Ted had planned to go to the ice-cream store and treat all of them. He wanted them to meet him there.

"It's against the rules," declared good little Binkie. "Miss Littledoll doesn't let us do it."

"Oh, be a sport!" urged Jackie.

"I shan't go, if you don't," said Tootsie. "And I want to see my brother. I think I can go to see my own brother without having to ask permission!"

"Well——"

(Of course, both Marjorie and I knew she *ought* to have kept the rules. It isn't right to break school rules, for rules are meant to be kept and are meant for the general helpfulness of school life—everybody knows *that!* Marjorie

and I know it. You know it. Binkie and Tootsie, though they were just little dolls in a play-school, knew it.)

"You can come right back after the ice-cream," insisted Jackie. "I've only a little time myself. Ted and I must be back by five. We have to catch the four-thirty trolley home. There isn't much time—Hurry!"

But right here a most ex-cit-ing thing happened. A trained bear came down the road. Every little while his keeper made him stand still in front of a crowd of boys and girls and men and women and the bear danced with a pole. It was great! The bear was going toward town and there was simply nothing else to do but to follow—unless, indeed, you were a little doll resolved not to break a school rule!

Marjorie and I knew that something in the way of punishment was sure to be needed—probably it would come as it comes to you when you break a school rule, if you are naughty enough to do it.

They followed the trained bear over to town and they found Ted in the ice-cream store. He

had been eating sundaes. Already he had had four. He said he didn't think *he* wanted any more, but that he would treat Tootsie and Binkie. *He* wanted to go and see the bear, but the bear had gone, so he stayed at the ice-cream store, and he and Jackie ordered Binkie's and Tootsie's ice-cream. I don't know how many platefuls they ate. Jackie treated them to two plates apiece and I think Ted did too. Maybe Binkie made a treat and maybe Tootsie did too—anyhow, they had plenty of ice-cream. I think they had strawberry and chocolate and vanilla and pineapple and orange—and if you want to know what else, why you'll have to ask Marjorie, because I lost count entirely. I know they were neither one of them hungry when, suddenly, Tootsie looked out of the window and thought she saw Miss Littledoll coming down the street. They were sure she would come into the ice-cream store and were ever so scared—it served them all right! But when they had been frightened stiff she passed right by! My! It was a narrow chance! They wished they hadn't broken the rule. They wished they had not come to town. Binkie began

to feel sick too. *She* wished she had not taken so many ice-cream treats. She wished she were back in her own little room at Miss Littledoll's School. Oh, dear!

Well, they said good-bye to the boys and then Tootsie and Binkie walked soberly home. They kept all the time thinking they were going to see Miss Littledoll and they knew what would happen if they did. Such a trip isn't really fun, you know. It may be fun at *first,* but it doesn't keep being fun. They reached Halcyon Hall safely, but by the time they reached there Binkie felt worse and worse till she knew she was most terribly sick!

At first, she tried to pretend that it was not much but—but—it was no use. She couldn't go to supper. Penelope Jukes had to tell Miss Littledoll that Binkie was sick!

Poor Binkie! The school nurse came up to see her and she made her take bad medicine. *She* said it was very serious and she looked solemn. She wouldn't let any of the girls into the room—Tootsie, thoroughly frightened, did get in. She said she wanted to help. She didn't tell what had

THE ICE-CREAM STORE

HERE is the ice-cream place where Binkie and Tootsie and Jackie met Ted. They were treated by their brothers and they also treated themselves. Binkie had all kinds of ice-cream at different times. I think Tootsie Noggins did too. Marjorie said they had never before had such a chance to eat ice-cream.

caused the trouble, but she was sure poor Binkie doll would never get well and that it was all her fault for having urged her to go to town against her will. *She* had eaten as much ice-cream as Binkie, but she didn't feel so sick. She did feel a *little* sick, but it wasn't as bad as Binkie. Poor Binkie couldn't lift her head from her pillow. She could not even talk.

Miss Littledoll came up to see her. She thought they had better send right away for the doll doctor. It was an anxious time before he came. Tootsie could not be induced to leave Binkie's side.

And then the doll doctor came. He carried a black bag. (Marjorie and I didn't see all that was in it, but there must have been pills and powders. I am sure I hope the ones he gave Binkie were quite bad-tasting, for I think she deserved to be punished for breaking the school rule.)

"Has she been sick long?" he asked.

"No, Doctor Pills," replied Miss Littledoll. "I think the attack appeared—What time was it, Tootsie?"

Before Tootsie thought she said it right out! It would have been better if she had confessed wilfully and with direct purpose, "After we had eaten the ice-cream," said Tootsie. She was so upset she didn't know *what* she had said.

"Where did she have ice-cream?" asked Miss Littledoll of Tootsie. Miss Littledoll looked very dignified and severe. She made Tootsie feel very, very, very small—almost as small as—as—oh, the smallest kind of a thing there is!

Then Tootsie told the whole story. She hoped Binkie would forgive her. She hoped it would save Binkie's life, if the doctor knew what was the cause of the trouble.

Miss Littledoll asked exactly how many plates Binkie had had. Tootsie truthfully told. Then she burst into tears and ran to her own room to be comforted by Pinkie. She couldn't stand any more! It was terrible! Why, she had been thoroughly punished herself, through Binkie's illness, and she didn't need any more punishment. Miss Littledoll had told her that. "If Binkie gets well, I want to talk to you both, Tootsiah Noggins," she said with unusual severity. "For

the present I am far too anxious over Binkie Wolsen's sickness to even think of punishing you. I think you are being punished for, of course, Binkie is your best friend."

The doctor was there at the school all night. Miss Littledoll never even went to bed. The nurse who belonged to the school was there too. Miss Means spent the night in the corridor outside of Binkie's room because she wanted to make sure that the little girl dolls didn't poke their heads through the door of Binkie's room every five minutes to ask how she was and whether she was better.

The little girl dolls slept very lightly. They loved Binkie and they were all as anxious as Tootsie. It was a very serious night—a very serious night, indeed. Everybody at Miss Littledoll's now knew the story of how Binkie's brother had brought her fudge and treated her to ice-cream and how Tootsie Noggins had urged Binkie Wolsen to break a rule of the school and go to town. It was largely Tootsie's fault—all of this! They all said—all the little girl dolls—that it was very much Tootsie Noggins' fault.

But, of course, Binkie had known perfectly well herself what THE RIGHT THING was.

Then they began to wonder again how Binkie Wolsen was and whether she would get well.

In the morning Miss Littledoll was not in the Assembly Hall to lead the exercises. Miss Means took her place. She made a long, long talk about keeping to the school rules, and every single little girl doll then and there resolved never, never, oh, never to break the rule about going to town without permission to buy one, two, three, four, five—and more plates of ice-cream unless there was a teacher and the teacher had given permission to buy the ice-cream. (This wasn't at all likely, I told Marjorie. The most teachers ever let one have was one plateful!)

At noon the doctor went away and it began to be rumoured that Binkie Wolsen was better. Then Tootsie thought of the class dues that might go for twenty-five cents' worth of roses. She consulted the treasurer to find out if there was still that amount in the class treasury. After lessons they called a special class-meeting. And then they went to Miss Littledoll and *asked* permission

BINKIE HAD EATEN TOO MUCH ICE-CREAM

MISS LITTLEDOLL was really worried about Binkie. Binkie could not lift her head from her pillow. She was very sick indeed. When Doctor Pills, the doll doctor, arrived with his black bag, he seemed quite worried. Tootsie Noggins was anxious and worried too. She wanted to help.

to go to town with a teacher to buy roses. Miss Littledoll let them. She said, "Yes—my—dears," in the sweetest way possible. "But don't go to the ice-cream shop. I cannot permit that again," she cautioned.

They said they would be good. They promised. Miss Means took them to town.

When they reached the florist's they asked him to show them everything he had. He took great pains to show everything. The girls had a perfectly lovely time going over all the greenhouses. But, at last, they asked the price of things and found that roses were two dollars and a half a dozen and carnations a dollar seventy-five!

Whew!

"Have you nothing cheaper?" inquired Tootsie.

He said he had tulip plants for thirty-five cents.

They had only thirty cents in the treasury, for most of the girls hadn't paid their dues.

The florist told them he could let them have a pink primrose plant for twenty-five, so they took that to Binkie. She was still very feeble, but the gift pleased her very much. She said she wanted

to tell Tootsie of her forgiveness—it wasn't Tootsie's fault about the ice-cream.

The school nurse shooed the girls out of Binkie's room, and as Binkie was still too sick to be about that day, Marjorie and I didn't play dolls any more. We did other things that day.

CHAPTER EIGHT: THE THANKSGIVING SPREAD

CHAPTER VIII

THE THANKSGIVING SPREAD

NOW, wouldn't you have thought, after the serious trouble that had come to Tootsie and Binkie as a result of breaking the school rules that all the little girl dolls at Halcyon Hall would have wanted to behave? You remember, they had resolved never to do what Binkie and Tootsie had done. Marjorie insisted that they really didn't mean to be naughty —I said, they ought to *mean to be good.* But this is what happened: Marjorie and I played it after Binkie doll got well. She was really a long time getting well because Marjorie liked to play with Doctor Pills, the doll doctor.

I was worried about Binkie's lessons, I told Marjorie. But, still, she kept Binkie Wolsen in her room and away from classes. She would not let her go to the dining-room table with the other little girl dolls either. She said Binkie was

a bright pupil and could make up her work later.

I said, if she didn't send Doctor Pills away, I wouldn't play any more. I said I would go into my study with my typewriter and *stay*.

Marjorie laughed. "Oh, Binkie is going to be well now," she declared. "I think it's most Thanksgiving Day vacation. She'll want to get well for *that!*"

Some of the girls at Miss Littledoll's couldn't go home for vacation at Thanksgiving time, Marjorie explained. Some lived out West. Pinkie was going home; Penelope Jukes was going home; Annette Allison couldn't go, though. And Jane James was to stay. Dotty Dawson was going. Of course, Binkie and Betty and Tootsie were. Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch, Phœbe Snow, and Laura Brown had to go to friends' houses where they were invited. Every little girl doll at the school felt sorry for Annette Allison because she was having to stay —and stay in such company as that of Jane James! So—I don't know exactly who suggested it, but everybody agreed to bring Annette Allison

some Thanksgiving so she could have a taste of something really good to eat.

At Miss Littledoll's School there were certain days on which the little dolls had certain things to eat. Monday was hash day; Tuesday was rice pudding; Thursday was mutton stew; Friday was fishballs; Saturday was tapioca pudding made with dried apples, and Sunday every little doll had a piece of chicken bone and some cornstarch blancmange.

Wouldn't you get tired of that kind of thing?

Why Tootsie and Binkie and Betty—and all the other little girl dolls—simply couldn't wait to get home for the wonderful dinner on Thanksgiving Day. That was almost as important as going home to see mothers and daddies!

"Only two days more before Thanksgiving!" Tootsie would sing out, slamming her books down on her desk before class.

"Hooray!" Betty Bracton would scream.

"We'll all go home on the same train," Binkie Wolsen doll laughed.

"Bring me some pieces of turkey and dressing," begged Annette Allison. "Couldn't some

one of you bring me a pie too? Oh, I'd love to have a pie—a nice BIG APPLE PIE!"

At this moment Marjorie would march Miss Sophonisba Ann Means into the class-room and everything would have to be still—maybe Annette Allison would pass a note over to Tootsie. I think I saw her do it several times. I think she was telling Tootsie what to bring. I think it was chocolate cake. (Neither Annette Allison nor Tootsie were caught.)

Lessons went on as usual up to the very day of going home. The pupils of Miss Littledoll's School left for home on the two o'clock train, Marjorie said. We made a chu-chu-train with chairs and took them all—and *then* Marjorie carried them over to her playroom at home. She came back to the toy-closet in the afternoon and said that Thanksgiving vacation was all over. "It's *always* very short," she explained. "The girls have each brought Annette Allison something good to eat. There is really little beside food in their hand-satchels and suit-cases. Tootsie brought two pies—an apple and a mince. Binkie brought home-made candy, turkey slices, some

THE GRAND SPREAD

THIS is a picture of Annette Allison's room when all the little girl dolls at Miss Littledoll's School were eating the *spread* that happened to be held at night after the lights were out. You can see the pies and the cake. Tootsie is just opening the bottle of pickles.

turkey dressing, a box of cocoa, nuts and raisins, some fruit, some pickles, a bottle of olives——"

"*All* for Annette Allison?" I interrupted.

"No, not all—just *some*."

"Is she going to take the rest *to Jane James?*" I protested.

"Jane James—No!" replied Marjorie. "Oh, of course not! She's going to keep them in her room to eat between times."

"What did Betty Bracton bring?"

"She brought a chocolate cake—maybe some other things like cheese."

Pinkie and Penelope had also taken the goodies left from Thanksgiving at home and had brought Annette Allison something good to eat—with enough left over for between meals or—or a spread!

Really, A SPREAD was in the air. Nobody was the *first* to suggest it. All the little girl dolls began to talk of it at the same time. They were wild over the plan. Annette Allison said she would contribute all the things that were given her and they would have a perfectly fine time after the gong sounded for lights to be out.

"Shall we ask Jane James?" demanded Tootsie.

"No," replied Binkie.

"Then, if you don't ask her, she'll tell on us," said Phœbe Snow.

"Better ask her," urged Penelope Jukes. "Make her promise not to tell too."

"I think we'd better ask everybody for then, if we do get caught, we'll all be punished together," advised Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch.

"Have it in our room," suggested Tootsie.

"No—in ours!" Binkie and Penelope Jukes insisted. "We have more than anybody else. We can't carry it all!"

But it was agreed to have the spread up in the room that belonged to Annette Allison and Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch. *That* room was furthest away from Miss Means' bedroom. (Miss Means could be relied upon to smell a spread three corridors away.)

The little girl dolls talked over the plans when lessons were over for the afternoon. Then they carried the food up to Annette Allison's room in various different ways. Tootsie put hers in a laundry-bag and swung hers over her shoulder.

Betty Bracton and Phœbe Snow put theirs inside of a ripped pillow stuffed with newspapers. Binkie and Penelope really had a terrible time: they could think of no way to take *all they had* up to Annette Allison's room. They had so many different kinds of "eats" that this was a great problem. They didn't want to get caught.

"Marjorie," I declared. "Doesn't Binkie Wolsen remember her affair with the ice-cream, do you suppose?"

"Oh, *she* won't get sick again!"

"Doesn't she know it is against the rules to have a spread?"

Marjorie nodded.

"It's very serious," I returned. "This will be the second time that Binkie has broken the school rules—I thought better of her!"

"Well, Annette Allison didn't have any Thanksgiving," Marjorie protested. "The dolls might have eaten all *this* at home. If they chose to leave it uneaten and bring it in their bags to school——"

"Well, one has to have spreads at boarding-school! I'll wager even Miss Sophonisba Ann

Means used to have them, if she ever went away to school!"

"THAT must have been a long time ago," said Marjorie.

"Oh yes, a long, long time ago—— How old do you suppose she is?"

We couldn't think but we knew she must have been very old indeed, old enough to have forgotten what having a spread felt like.

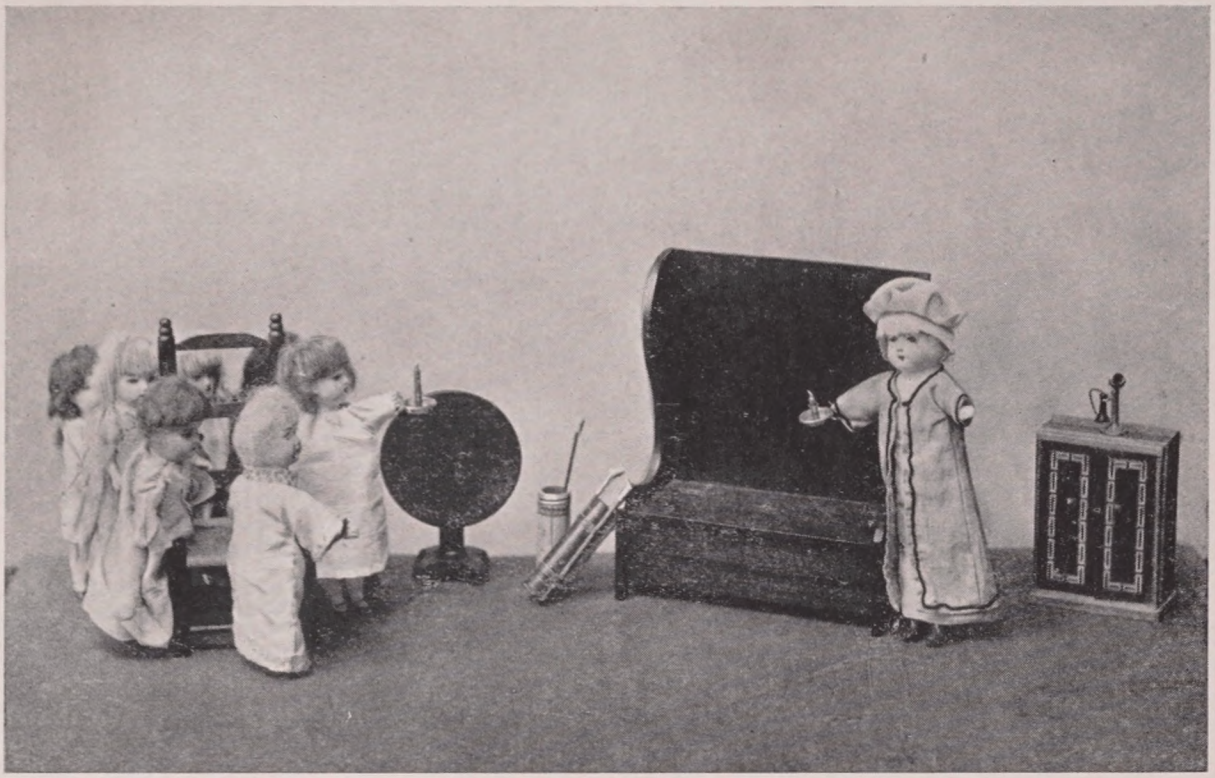
By this time all the pupils of Miss Littledoll's had volunteered to help Binkie and Penelope carry the food up to Annette Allison's room. Each took a little at a time—I think Jane James was the only one mean enough to eat what she offered to carry!

"Put it under the couch and cover it with some couch pillows," advised Tootsie.

"No—mice might get it, if it were on the floor," replied Betty Bracton, who was always having mice in *her* room.

"Put it in Annette's bed then," suggested Laura Brown.

"No—not in a bed. One of the teachers would



MADEMOISELLE OUINON

HERE is Mademoiselle Ouinon in her dressing-gown and cap. She has been hiding behind the settle in the darkness of the hallway waiting to catch Binkie, Tootsie, Betty or any of the little girl dolls. She thought that they were having a spread but she didn't know which room it was in.

be sure to suspect something *there,* if she came in."

So they all decided to put it behind the books on the bookshelf and inside the washstand drawer and—some might go under the cushion of the rocking chair if nobody would forget and sit down on it.

At last, all the "eats" were stored in various parts of Annette Allison's room. They agreed to meet for the spread as soon as lights were out and it was safe to come up. (That was, of course, if there were no teachers in the hallways.)

"Do you think we ought to play that Miss Means catches any one of them?" Marjorie asked me. "It would be fun."

"Yes, it would be fun," I returned, "but if the cross teacher *did* catch anybody, why there could be still a chance to get to the spread later, perhaps——"

At this very moment the gong for lights to be put out sounded through the halls of Miss Littledoll's School.

Marjorie and I pretended that the little girl dolls went into their beds and remained there for

a safe half-hour. It was Tootsie and Pinkie who were the first to venture out and, with kimonos fluttering behind them, they ran through the corridor tiptoe in felt slippers. *They* reached Annette Allison's room safely. Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch and her room-mate were eagerly waiting.

"Don't sit in the rocking-chair," Annette cautioned. "Be careful. Don't talk out loud! Did you see anybody else coming?"

And then the door opened cautiously. In came Jane James and Laura Brown and Betty Bracton. Betty Bracton explained that her room-mate, Phœbe Snow, got scared and was waiting behind a screen in Class-room A. She *thought,* as they passed Miss Means' room, that the cross teacher heard them. So Phœbe had hid to await what might happen. Betty came on in a hurry. She was quite out of breath.

Binkie and Penelope arrived next. (Penelope had borrowed Binkie's best wrapper to wear for the occasion. Binkie had had to wear a torn one.)

They waited and waited for Phœbe Snow. She

simply didn't come. Then Tootsie volunteered to go after her and find out if she was still behind the screen in Class-room A.

Tootsie sped out on tiptoe. She reached the place of Phœbe's hidden safety. "Miss Means isn't around. It's all safe," she urged.

But it took a great deal of courage for Phœbe Snow to come out of Class-room A. At last, Tootsie got her into Annette Allison's room.

It had to be dark in the room. Somebody put a shawl around the cracks of the door and then somebody else found a candle and lighted it. Everybody helped prepare the eats on the floor. Laura Brown had brought her alcohol kettle and Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch had a chafing-dish. There were the two pies and the cake and the pickles and the turkey slices and the cheese and the candy and the nuts and the raisins and the fruit and the bottle of olives—um! Yum-yum!

All the little girl dolls sat around and ATE.

"Remember when we went to town with Jackie and Ted, Binkie?" asked Tootsie.

"Do I!" exclaimed Binkie. "Of course I do! I wish we had ice-cream right here and now!"

"What kind would you choose?"

"Please pass the pickles, Betty."

"I want another piece of pie—— Where's the olive bottle?"

Marjorie seemed to think Binkie was eating too much—and right on top of Thanksgiving too! I said we ought to stop it. But how could we stop it unless we had brought out the cross teacher doll? It would have been rather horrid to spoil the fun. We thought better, Marjorie and I, to let the pupils of Miss Littledoll's School eat up the cake and the pickles and the pies and the fruit and the slices of turkey and the candy and the olives. It must have been late when the spread broke up for they told stories in whispers afterwards till Betty Bracton fell asleep in a chair. When Annette Allison woke her, Betty was dreaming that the cross teacher, Miss Means, had caught her. She gave a dreadful scream and frightened everybody. Why, that scream *could* have been heard away downstairs!

They waited. By and by steps did come pattering along the hall.

"Hide, girls!" Annette Allison and her room-

mate Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch rushed for their beds. They pretended to snore loudly. The rest of the party hid under the couch, behind the hangings, under the bed.

"NOW they're going to be caught!" whispered Marjorie. "Let's play they are caught!"

"If they are caught, everybody will be punished," I argued. "If they've broken the rules, I suppose they *ought* to be caught and punished."

So we played that a doll teacher came and opened the door of Annette Allison's room. She turned toward the bed where Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch was snoring so loud. Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch felt a poke that was *like* Miss Means but she snored on louder than ever.

Miss Means crossed to Annette Allison's bed and listened to the heavy breathing. Then she sat down on the couch and waited a while. It was all the girls could do to keep Tootsie Noggins from pinching Miss Means' foot that was at the edge of the couch under which Tootsie was hidden.

But at last Miss Means thought things were all right and she went out and closed the door.

Everybody waited. Most everybody was afraid to venture home. Then, at last, all in a bunch, Tootsie and Pinkie and Jane James and Penelope Jukes and Laura Brown and Phœbe Snow ventured forth. They had hardly gone as far as the big settle in the hall when—WHO SHOULD THEY MEET BUT MADEMOISELLE OUI-NON!

And Mademoiselle Ouinon had a candle in her hand!

"Wait one minute, young ladies," she politely requested. "Have you perhaps been to a party?"

"We 'r—r—r——" they stuttered. "We—we——"

Mademoiselle Ouinon thought they were answering, "Oui, oui," you know! What a joke: that's the French for "Yes, yes!" Marjorie said.

So she looked them all over to be able to tell who they were—— Oh dear!

But they didn't tell where they had come from —the other little girl dolls reached their own rooms without having been caught!

Next day Miss Littledoll sent for the whole school! It was going to be PUNISHMENT,

THE LITTLE DOLLS IN DISGRACE

ALL the little girl dolls have been called to the principal's office to be scolded about the spread that they had, quite against the rules, in Annette Allison's room. Mademoiselle Ouinon is in the background. It looks as if the pupils were ashamed of themselves and as if what Miss Littledoll said was pretty severe.

Marjorie said. (Of course, they ought to be punished for breaking a school rule!)

Miss Littledoll talked very seriously with them. She said she had had great hopes of Binkie Wolsen's goodness when Binkie had come to the school. She said she knew that Binkie was the daughter of the famous Mr. G. Abihad Wolsen, the writer doll who belonged to Marjorie's white doll house. She said that Binkie had now twice disgraced her family by breaking the school rules and that she had led Tootsie into temptation. (Tootsie declared that she went in of her own free will but Miss Littledoll only looked more grieved. She told Tootsie to keep still!)

I tell you! All of them felt pretty badly. I think they all cried.

Miss Littledoll cried too. She made them tell her how they got the cake and the pickles and the pies and the olives and the turkey slices and the candy. They tried to shield Binkie as much as possible. Binkie had been so generous and now she was getting almost all the blame! Oh dear!

Mademoiselle Ouinon was present during the

whole talk. She seemed to feel badly to have *had* to report the misconduct.

Miss Littledoll turned to her for help, at last. "Mademoiselle Ouinon, what punishment do you think they should be given?"

"To learn to conjugate the irregular verbs—all of them," promptly answered Mademoiselle Ouinon—"And ze young ladies might be without ze rice pudding on ze time it falls due."

(I think Mademoiselle Ouinon's eyes had a twinkle in them—anyhow, that was the *punishment*. Of course, Miss Littledoll wrote home to Binkie's parents.)

The wonder was that nobody was sick after the affair of the spread! Marjorie did want to have Doctor Pills again but I said, if she had him, I'd go to my study and typewrite. So we agreed not to have him after all. I don't like to play doll-doctor *all* the time!

CHAPTER NINE: THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

CHAPTER IX

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

BETWEEN Thanksgiving holiday and the Christmas holiday, all the girls at Miss Littledoll's School had to study French verbs during recess. When they went out for exercise, Miss Scribble or Miss Means went with them. Wherever the school walked, the girls went two by two. It was punishment. I think, too, Miss Littledoll thought they might go to the ice-cream place to buy candy and cake, if she let them go about alone.

At this time everybody except Tootsie Noggins was excited over examinations. Binkie really worked hard and wanted to do her level best to make up for having broken the rules and for having thus been a disgrace to the Wolsen doll family. She knew Daddy wouldn't like her deportment mark. It was going to be very low indeed.

When Daddy had told Binkie that she could go to Miss Littledoll's School, Binkie had always planned to have unusually fine reports—but, here, twice in the first half year, she had broken the rules! Oh dear! She wished she *had not!*

Marjorie said Binkie hadn't heard from home yet. Binkie felt very badly about being reported at home for poor conduct. She had been very carefully brought up, you know. She didn't want to grieve her daddy. It *would* grieve her daddy to hear that she had been breaking the rules at Miss Littledoll's School. So Binkie tried harder than ever to get good standing in her examinations.

It wasn't so with Tootsie. Tootsie always *was* happy-go-lucky. Tootsie didn't study. She had a good time and when examinations came around —well, she had a hard time. (It never seemed to bother her much. It *ought* to I insisted. But Tootsie forgot about how poor her work was and she thought only about Christmas holidays and what fun she would have at home.)

All the little girl dolls were quite tired out after examinations were over and it was time to go

PACKING PENELOPE JUKES'S TRUNK

HERE is Binkie Wolsen running to take the borrowed things out of Penelope Jukes's trunk that would not shut and could not be locked, after packing. The other girls are waiting to jump on the trunk afterwards. It is the only way they can shut the trunk so that the catch will snap. They have been packing to go home for the holidays.

home—all, that is, except Tootsie who never studied or worried.

There was great excitement when the trunks came up to the halls. The trunks had been stored downstairs. It was jolly to see them and splendid work to pack up. Everybody was going home for Christmas—even Annette Allison and Jane James and all the others who hadn't gone home at Thanksgiving time.

But, my dear! Would you believe it! When Penelope Jukes began to pack, she packed a whole armful of Binkie's clothes in with her own! Binkie found her doing it!

"Penelope," said she, "I can't let you borrow those. I shall need to carry them home in my trunk. Mother wrote to ask me to bring all my things home. She wants to look them over."

"Why, the things are mine, Binkie!"

"No, they are mine."

"Why, I've worn them all this term. I thought you gave 'em to me!"

"No. You borrowed them, Pen. You *know* you borrowed them. You didn't even ask leave!"

Penelope took the things out of the trunk and nothing more was said.

But when Binkie began to pack, she missed *other* things! Of course, she knew exactly where they were! She didn't like to say any more to Penelope—they were really good friends, Marjorie said. (Maybe Penelope thought these belonged to her because she had worn them so much!)

Binkie's suitcase and trunk went together very easily but Penelope's just wouldn't close. Jane James and Betty Bracton and Pinkie tried standing on it to make it close—but it wouldn't close!

Finally, Penelope agreed that some of the things inside would have to come out. It was Binkie's chance! She opened the trunk and pulled out the things that belonged to her—the things that Penelope was *always* borrowing! Then, before Penelope could say a word, she jammed down the trunk-lid and jumped on top of the trunk. Betty and Pinkie and Jane James helped—AND THE TRUNK WENT SHUT WITH A SNAP. Penelope locked it and Binkie went off with the things that belonged to *her*. For once, Penelope

THE POOR CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

THIS is Binkie Wolsen's Christmas tree that she fixed for the poor children who were not going to have any presents. It is a beautiful tree, as you may judge. You will see the splendid rocking-horse, the Teddy-bear, the doll-carriage and the skates that Binkie Wolsen gave them.

hadn't borrowed them! It made Marjorie and me laugh!

The trunks went on the two o'clock train with the pupils of Miss Littledoll's Select Boarding and Day School. Miss Means left by the same train and Miss Scribble did too. Mademoiselle Ouinon was going to stay over the holidays with Miss Littledoll at the school, Marjorie said. We waved them all off. It seemed lonely at Miss Littledoll's in the toy-closet after all the little girl dolls had gone. Marjorie quite insisted that I come over to her house to see Binkie's arrival home. We went over together.

Jackie must have met Binkie at the Junction. They got off the train together and there they were met by Daddy who had brought Peggy with him. It was simply splendid to see Daddy again! And to think of two whole weeks in the white doll house! Oh, how fine!

Daddy said Mother couldn't come to the train on account of Chuckles. It was so snowy a day she didn't like to take Chuckles out in the storm. But I think Binkie doll almost squeezed the breath out of Mother Wolsen when, at last, the sleigh

reached the white doll house! Oh, but it was jolly to be home! Oh, but it was nice to be away from rules and lessons and to be with Daddy and Mother and Jackie and Peggy and Chuckles and Jenny and Uncle Tom in the white doll house again!

I did not, myself, see all that happened there in the two weeks of Binkie's vacation. Marjorie told me about a great deal of it: how Binkie had a serious talk with her father and how she told him about the spread and the day she ate so much ice-cream. He asked her a great many, many questions—you see, Marjorie said, he *could* think about Binkie's schooling now that his story had gone to the magazine.

And then after the serious talk was all over, he promised Binkie a pony after graduation, provided that she should carry off the class honours. (That would mean that Binkie couldn't have any more poor deportment marks either!)

Well, Binkie felt that she would do all she could to earn the pony. But, beside that, she wanted to be an honour to the family and please Daddy.

BINKIE'S "BIRTHDAY" STOCKING

HERE is a picture of Binkie Wolsen doll waking up in her own room in the white doll house on her birthday morning that came after Christmas. You can see the stocking Mrs. Wolsen stuffed. It is hanging above Binkie's head.

She resolved to be very good when she went back to school for the next term, Marjorie said.

Binkie did a very nice thing that Christmas. (I am sure you will agree that it was a very nice thing indeed.) She was out shopping one day and was coming home laden with parcels when she met three little poor children. They were crying because they said there was no Santa Claus for poor children.

Binkie stopped to talk with them and learned where they lived. They were the children of a poor woman who did washing. They lived in a doll tenement.

Binkie was late to tea that night. When she came in, Daddie asked if that was the way she did at Miss Littledoll's. But Binkie explained why she was late and she told Daddy and Mother all about her resolve: it was to give up her own Christmas to these other little dolls who had nothing to make them happy.

Daddy and Mother fell in with the plan. They were delighted. Jackie said he would help too. It was really fun planning what each should give.

Binkie and Jackie had a certain amount of

spending money for Christmas and it was all to go to the poor children—almost all,—after buying Daddy's present and Mother's present, of course, and buying something for Jenny and Chuckles and Uncle Tom!

Jackie went with Binkie to give the invitation for the Christmas tree to which they were going to ask the little poor children. (I wish that I could have played all this with Marjorie. I should have loved to but it was my luck to have to work hard over the typewriter in my study.) I *did* go to the Christmas tree! I can tell you there never *was* such a fine doll Christmas tree anywhere before! There were all kinds of toys,—everything you could want or think of! I don't see how Binkie bought them *all!* I fancy Daddy Wolsen and Mother Wolsen helped.

The poor children and their mother were as happy as they could be but the happiest of all, Marjorie and I thought, the *very* happiest of any doll at the Christmas party was *Binkie.* She said it had been the loveliest Christmas she *ever* had known.

I thought Mother Wolsen and Daddy were ever

so much pleased to see how really kind and good their little daughter was and I think Daddy Wolsen told Mother Wolsen on Christmas night that Binkie had made up for breaking the rules at Miss Littledoll's school. He said she really was a good little girl and he had *great* hopes of Binkie's being a great credit to the Wolsen doll family. He said he was going to write Miss Littledoll and tell her all about it.

Mother Wolsen said, of course, that she quite agreed with him.

CHAPTER TEN: THE WINTER TERM

CHAPTER X

THE WINTER TERM

BINKIE'S birthday, so Marjorie said, was to come just before the end of Christmas vacation at home. She was going to be twelve! There was going to be a party and a cake and, though Binkie had given up her Christmas presents for the little poor dolls, *now* she was to have a splendid surprise on her birthday morning!

Mother Wolsen doll and Daddy Wolsen had talked over Binkie's birthday and made many plans. And one of the nicest ones, so Marjorie and I thought, was that they determined to turn the day into a real Christmas all Binkie's very own.

Mother Wolsen stuffed one of Binkie's stockings with all kinds of funny jokes. They bought Binkie a teddy bear and a doll carriage, some skates, a new golf-bag and clubs,—all the things

she had wanted for Christmas and had given up! They fixed them all around her bed after she had gone to sleep at night and it was just as if Santa Claus had been there when Binkie woke on her birthday morning.

In the afternoon Ted and Tootsie and Betty came over to Binkie's birthday party. It was a jolly ending to the Christmas holidays at the white doll house and Marjorie was soon afterwards back in my toy-closet playing that the children had come back to school.

The winter term at Miss Littledoll's had several delightful things in store. We were going to play at having winter sports—coasting, skating, snow-ball fights; we had made a wonderful play lake in the "grounds" that were near Miss Littledoll's school. (Maybe, I'd better tell you how we made it; it was made out of an old mirror I had stored away. We covered its edges with white cotton snow and draped white cloth all over the rest of the place.)

We made a hill for coasting too. It was a pile of pillows covered with white cloth. And to make all look twice as wintry, we bought some

Christmas tree snow in a box at the ten-cent store.

We didn't mind making a muss in the toy-closet. We knew we could clean it all up after—so we brought out all the little girl dolls and treated them to a really sweeping blizzard of pretend snow storm before the winter sports began.

Some of them wore their sweaters and bloomer suits for coasting. Oh, we had the dearest little bob-sled! I wish you could have seen how cunning all the pupils of Miss Littledoll's School looked when Marjorie carefully arranged them one back of the other and—with a push—sent the bobsled down the hill! Oh, it was great fun to be playing at sliding down hill in August! (Of course, you know, Marjorie is quite used to pretending. At Miss Littledoll's School it was about the first of February, you know.)

Mrs. Wolsen's letter to Miss Littledoll had influenced the school principal to change Binkie's room-mate—that was another nice thing that had happened at the opening of the winter term.

There was to be a costume party at Valentines and, later, a concert. The little girl dolls talked a great deal about the valentine party but they

really didn't care much about the concert though Miss Littledoll tried to impress upon them—especially in Assembly meetings—how very important the concert was to be.

We played more at winter sports than we did at class lessons. We were always thinking of some new way to add to their attractiveness. We made a snow fort for the little dolls. We made it by rolling cotton into balls and then we built the balls one on top of the other. Marjorie had a regular snow fight with the fort.

We had moonlight skating with a *pretend* bonfire of little twigs. Red and yellow paper, we played was flame and we let Miss Means and Miss Scribble and the pupil-teacher and Mademoiselle Ouinon come out and be dragged about over the ice on sleds. Oh, it was ever so jolly!

The valentine party was a success too. We had *that* when we were tired of playing at winter sports and after Marjorie had fixed over Binkie's room with care to remove all that had belonged to the borrowing room-mate, Penelope.

Marjorie had a splendid time dressing the little girl dolls up in fancy costumes for the valentine

COASTING AND SKATING AT MISS LITTLEDOLL'S SCHOOL

THE pupils of Miss Littledoll's enjoyed winter sports of coasting and skating. They wore jerseys and bloomers and little caps. They had a big red bob-sled. The winter sports were very popular indeed.

party. They each had to have black paper masks made for them. Marjorie tied these on with string. For the life of me, when the little girl dolls were dressed up, I couldn't tell Phœbe Snow from Rosalinda Clara Smith! I could, of course, tell Binkie and Tootsie. Tootsie had an odd way of hanging her head and there was no other little doll at Halcyon Hall whose hair was as long and as black as Binkie Wolsen's.

"I think we're having far too many party times," I said to Marjorie. "There has been Christmas and Binkie's birthday and all the winter sports and, now valentines! We have a concert booked—and *what* do you think is happening to lessons?"

"Oh, lessons are going on all the time," Marjorie answered. "Binkie is studying hard. It's Tootsie who is just playing. I don't see how she can ever graduate at all if she doesn't give more time to her lessons!"

"Mr. Noggins is making a great effort to keep Tootsie at Miss Littledoll's School," I sighed. "It would be hard if she didn't graduate."

"Wouldn't it! But I do hope Binkie will get

her pony—I do so hope she will! I would love to have a pony to play with at the white doll house!"

"Hasn't Miss Littledoll talked to Tootsie, Marjorie?"

"Yes. She called Tootsie into her office and she *did* talk to her."

"Can't she talk to her again? All the teachers are complaining of Tootsie's marks. They say she is only having a good time. They say she goes to lessons without ever having looked at her books. Do make Miss Littledoll talk to her," I urged. "Try again!"

So we played that Miss Littledoll called for Tootsie and that Tootsie came straight from coasting. She was in Miss Littledoll's office a long time. It was so long that Marjorie and I almost forgot about it. We were busy making valentines for the valentine party, you know.

I don't think the serious talk could have done much good to Tootsie Noggins. Maybe she did mean to be a better student but, somehow, afterwards, Marjorie said, Tootsie forgot. She was in all the fun. It was Binkie who was the grind.

Binkie would hardly play at all. She had to go to the valentine party dressed in a sheet because she had had no time to get a costume ready. Tootsie went as a cowboy. All the little girl dolls wanted to dance with her and she was even more popular than usual.

Marjorie cut the doll valentines out of coloured papers and every little girl doll had some. Even Miss Means had a valentine. She wouldn't show it to anybody but Miss Scribble, though! Marjorie and I thought it *must* have been a comic one. And we thought Tootsie Noggins probably sent it.

The valentine party was a success, indeed. After it was over—and hardly was it over—when the concert that Miss Littledoll planned was due.

The concert was to be given in the Assembly Hall. It was chiefly a violin recital and the musician, so Binkie Wolsen doll wrote home, was Herr Heinrich, *the* best violinist there ever was in Dollyland.

Binkie Wolsen was most affectionately regarded by Miss Littledoll, now that she was getting such good marks in her studies. I think it

was Miss Littledoll who suggested that Binkie fix up the platform for the concert. She thought Binkie had such good taste, you know.

Nobody ever fixed up a platform at Miss Littledoll's School without borrowing plants so Binkie got Penelope Jukes to borrow for her. Penelope then came back with the plants and she had been so zealous that she borrowed other things beside. She went right into the girls' rooms, Marjorie said, and took everything that she thought might be used to help decorate that platform. (You see she simply doted on borrowing!)

She brought two candle-sticks from Phœbe Snow's room and she brought Dotty Dawson's harp and Laura Brown's banjo.

"I don't see what we need of those," protested Binkie. "All we want is potted plants—— We might have a rug, maybe——"

So off went Penelope again. She came back with a black bearskin rug and Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch's rose plant. Then she took the candlesticks and things Binkie had discarded and put them on the piano! (Binkie took them off but Pen put them on again—of course there

THE CONCERT

HERE is Herr Heinrich giving his violin recital. You can see the tea-table that Penelope Jukes borrowed to help decorate the platform. The pitcher of ice-water is on it with the glass to drink from. The plate of crackers is *not* there because Binkie would not let Penelope leave it on the table.

would have been a quarrel, if Binkie hadn't finally left them! Yet, both Marjorie and I knew that the banjo and the harp and the candlesticks were quite out of place!)

Penelope told everybody that she was on the committee for decoration. On the strength of this, she took a tea-table from Jane James' room. She said at lectures and things the lecturers had to have a glass and ice water on a table that *always* stood on the platform.

"I don't think violinists drink ice water," Binkie doll urged. "Don't let's have the table on the platform—you take it back!"

But Penelope was as obstinate about that as about the candlesticks and the table had to stay too! It looked rather sociable. They put a lace table cover on it. Penelope rather wanted to put a plateful of crackers beside the silver pitcher and the glass but Binkie simply put her foot down flat on that project. She said she wouldn't have it.

I couldn't stay to the concert as I had work to do in my study but as I wrote I heard squeaky noises that sounded as if Marjorie were imitating

a violin. The selections didn't seem very classical but, no doubt, Herr Heinrich chose what he thought would interest the music pupils. Nobody seemed very enthusiastic over the concert; after it was over though the applause, as I heard it in my study—why, it was *tremendous!*

(Personally, I was glad when the concert was over. I hadn't been able to work at all on account of it.)

When I saw Marjorie afterwards, she said, "Oh, do you know what! Miss Littledoll felt very badly about the tea-table. She told Binkie never, never again to put a tea-table on the platform for a concert."

As I peeped into the little doll school, I saw Herr Heinrich's grip, his coat and his hat and rubbers. They looked very like any little doll's hat and rubbers. They didn't look at all celebrated but Marjorie said that they *were!*

CHAPTER ELEVEN: THE PLAY

CHAPTER XI

THE PLAY

FOR a long time after Herr Heinrich's concert, things went uneventfully at Miss Littledoll's School. Then there came the play. All the little girl dolls—and even the teachers—spoke of the coming theatricals as if it were to be one of the events of the year.

First, there had been the selection of the play. Marjorie said Miss Littledoll and the teachers held a special meeting to decide about it. Then, one afternoon, Miss Littledoll gave out a notice for the bulletin board and when Tootsie, Binkie, Betty, Pinkie, Penelope, Laura, Jane, Phœbe, Annette Allison and Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch looked at it they read:

> Miss Littledoll will read the new play to the students at 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. Please be present. Assembly Hall.

"I hope it isn't going to be a French play," I sighed. "I hope it isn't going to be anything but a nice English play, Marjorie. I don't think that the little girl dolls would have much fun acting a French play, though I suppose boarding-schools usually have them."

Marjorie thought we would have to wait and see so we waited impatiently for Tuesday to come around.

We played that it was then a Thursday. In the time that passed between this and Tuesday, Marjorie let Pinkie have a week-end visit home and take Tootsie Noggins with her. But Tuesday came quite quickly before I knew it!

THE PLAY turned out to be something very unexpectedly fine—no French play at all! It was to be a kind of Indian story. The girls who had Camp Fire costumes were going to be able to use them! Wasn't that *great!*

THE PLAY was a kind of legend. It was about the original settlers and how the land where Miss Littledoll's School now stood had been bought for a hatchet and a hoe and a looking-glass long ago. There were exactly eight speak-

MISS LITTLEDOLL'S SCHOOL TAKES A WALK

THIS picture shows Miss Littledoll's School out walking, two by two. Miss Means, the cross teacher, is walking at the back of the procession so she can see everything everybody does. At the head of the procession is Tootsie with Pinkie and they see Jackie and Ted and another boy from the Academy. Miss Means will not even let them stop to speak with their own brothers!

ing parts in it. Only the two worst students had to be left out. (I thought Tootsie was surely going to be left out because she was one of the worst students but Jane James got sick and they had to give her part to Tootsie.) It was the part of the White Man and Tootsie could wear her cowboy suit, she thought.

The little girl dolls, Marjorie pretended, had a terrible time learning their parts for the play. Binkie, I think, was the only one who was word for word perfect. (You could always count on Binkie's doing right! She was working hard for that pony Daddy Wolsen had promised her.)

Miss Scribble was the one who was stage manager and prompter. The little girl dolls met in the gym and had no end of rehearsals, it seemed to me. Whenever I peeked into my toy-closet where Marjorie was playing with the pupils of Miss Littledoll's School and asked, "What are they doing now?" Marjorie would promptly reply, *"Rehearsing!"* (It did seem as if the whole school had gone mad about the play!)

It came out that several trustees were going to be present at the acting of the play and that quite

a number of friends of the school were also coming from out of town—also, of course, parents of the pupils were asked to be there.

There was a good deal of going to town in free time, too. The little girl dolls usually went on errands about the costumes. They made appointments at the sewing-woman's to "try on," Marjorie said. I used to see them very frequently walking two by two and two by two with Miss Means, the cross teacher, straight and stiff like a general marching them along. Those who didn't have to "try on" made up ERRANDS in town. It was a chance to have an ice-cream soda if Miss Littledoll had given permission to go to the ice-cream place.

One day as they were out walking to town that way who should the girls meet but Jackie and Ted and another boy from the Academy!

Tootsie was right in the front of the line of girls because, you know, they always put the naughtiest there. Pinkie was with her. They saw Jackie and Ted and the other boy, oh, how nice!

Shouldn't you have thought that they could be allowed to talk and shake hands? Well, they

TOOTSIE ASKS PERMISSION TO INVITE THE BOYS

HERE you will see exactly how Miss Littledoll looked at Tootsie Noggins when Tootsie asked to invite the Academy boys to the play that Miss Littledoll's School was going to give. They were waiting to sit down to tea when Tootsie sprung it.

couldn't! Miss Sophonisba Ann Means was as cross as cross and she simply marched Tootsie *right on!* As for Binkie, why she could only catch a glimpse of Jackie! She didn't even know why he happened to be in town—— Think of it!

When the girls came home that night, Tootsie said she was going to tell Miss Littledoll what she thought about it. She said it was a shame not to be allowed to speak to one's brother.

It was at tea table while they were waiting for Miss Littledoll to make a first move to be seated that Tootsie started it.

"I'm going to ask the boys to the play," she said.

Miss Littledoll fairly looked *through* Tootsie! "It is not the custom of Miss Littledoll's School to ask the Academy boys," she replied severely.

"Then I don't want to be the White Man in the play, if I can't have Teddy," returned Tootsie.

Oh my! How naughty! The idea of talking like that to the Principal of Miss Littledoll's School! All the other little girl dolls were quite horrified. Didn't everybody know it was a *school rule!*

Anyhow, Tootsie got nothing for her naughty behaviour. She pouted all through the meal though, Marjorie said. (I'm sure it isn't pretty to pout—shouldn't you be ashamed to own a little doll who acted so silly?)

Anyway, the boys didn't come to the play and, probably, if they had been invited Ted wouldn't have had the courage to come to a little girl dolls' entertainment even with Jackie!

We fixed up a real little stage on a platform we made with a box cover. We put it in the gym where plays at school are always held. I said the platform of the Assembly Hall wasn't big enough.

Mercy! Wasn't it fun arranging the stage and the curtain! (We did it all inside a big box—the stage arrangement, I mean.) We had some grass and some big stones that looked like rocks. We made believe that all the little girl dolls were helping. Then, we decided that everything was, at last, ready and it was time for the audience to come.

Marjorie played something on the doll piano and I brought the little dolls in by twos and threes. Miss Littledoll made a speech before the curtain

THE FIRST PLAY AT HALCYON HALL

THIS is the Indian Play given by the students of Miss Littledoll's School on the stage that was in the "gym." You can see Binkie's very wonderful expression. You can see Tootsie Noggins in her cowboy suit too.

and then the two Trustees made speeches and then with great applause somebody pulled the curtain and the Indian play began. You ought to have seen Binkie Wolsen! My, but she was good! Her expression was wonderful—she really looked very, very savage and made a dreadful fuss about the sale of the land on which her wigwam had been. (She wore her Camp Fire costume and her beads about her neck showed that Binkie was really a pretty clever little girl doll. She had beads of every colour.)

Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch was the Big Chief and she wore a splendid head-dress with a great green feather in it. (Marjorie said I shouldn't tell where the feather came from but I don't know why not: I got it out of a feather duster, I did! But, if you play Indians, I wouldn't advise *you* to rob a feather duster! No I wouldn't—— Beside that, *I* only took one feather. Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch *had* to have it and the feather was coming out anyhow! It felt so. I know it would have come out sometime, even if I hadn't pulled it.)

Tootsie in her cowboy suit really did unexpect-

edly well. She had to be prompted twice but nobody noticed it—or, if they *did* they were polite enough to pretend that they thought it was all intended.

The applause was simply wonderful! Yes, when the curtain went together after the end of the first act, Marjorie and I knew that all the parents and the friends, as well as the two Trustees and the teachers, the pupils and Miss Littledoll herself were highly pleased with the entertainment.

"I hope they'll have another play, Marjorie," I begged. "We all like it. I want to play that they do have a *French* play!"

But Marjorie was quite firm. "We can't," said she. "I don't know French—and, beside that, none of the little girl dolls would want to be in it. It would be too hard work for them to learn the parts."

Yes. It might have been difficult. That was true. Perhaps, even, the parents and the friends would think quite as well of an Indian play in English. Probably Miss Littledoll had thought it out and planned best for the welfare of the school

when she decided that they were to have only this play. Miss Littledoll always knew what was right and she could be trusted.

There were more examinations coming after the play had been given—and then there were Easter holidays! Marjorie had to help the teachers drill the students and I went back to my work in the study.

CHAPTER TWELVE: TOOTSIE CRAMS FOR EXAMINATIONS

CHAPTER XII

TOOTSIE CRAMS FOR EXAMINATIONS

THE Easter vacation was really not half as exciting as the Christmas holidays. It was only a week long anyway. Binkie and Tootsie and Betty Bracton went home but the pupils who lived far away like Jane James and Phœbe Snow had to stay at Miss Littledoll's School and make the best of it. We thought they had a pretty dull time. The only excitements were going to take walks with Miss Scribble and dancing in the gym with each other. The pupil teacher, Marjorie said, tried to get up an Easter party—a tea party. A few of the girls went but it was no fun.

Spring was in the air all about the white doll house. When I went over to see Marjorie, Mrs. Wolsen doll was talking about house cleaning. Marjorie thought that Mr. Wolsen's study was

going to be repapered but he was making a fuss about it. You see, he didn't want the room torn up. He had to begin writing another story and he had to write it in the study, of course.

Binkie had been working so hard that the family thought she ought to be outdoors a great deal. She and Daddy and Peggy and Uncle Tom took the Wolsen's donkey and went off for long walks. When anybody grew tired, so Marjorie said, they rode the donkey. Sometimes they took Chuckles with them. Chuckles loved to watch the hens and the ducks that they met by the way.

In the Easter holidays too, Mother Wolsen doll had to arrange Binkie's wardrobe for spring. It kept Marjorie sewing busily with Mrs. Roberts' bag of pieces. Binkie had to have a new straw hat made out of braided raffia and trimmed with paper flowers. She had to have a spring suit and some new middy-blouses. Then, when all was done, the Easter holidays were suddenly over and Binkie was back at Miss Littledoll's School in the toy-closet once more.

When spring came to Miss Littledoll's School, we had to take up the snow cloth and put down a

ON THE LAKE

HERE is Binkie Wolsen out in a canoe studying during recreation period. Tootsie Noggins is on the shore waving to her. She wants to tell her some news.

beautiful green felt tablecloth in the place where the "grounds" of the school were. The lake, too, changed its icy appearance and changed to a soft crêpe cloth that seemed to have little ripples. And a whole flock of cunning toy ducks appeared on the shore one day. (Between you and me, they came from the ten-cent store at five cents apiece—but I put them there as a surprise for Marjorie. She thought they were lovely. The little girl dolls thought so too and they used to come down to the lake at recess to feed them.)

Another thing that came as a surprise was the toy canoe. I found that in a shop one day and it seemed the very thing for the lake at Miss Little-doll's. It was a real little canoe made out of bark. The little girl dolls used to paddle about in it. Sometimes they carried couch pillows and study books and spent study hour out on the lake—but they never really learned much out there. It was only the best students who were allowed to take study books out in the canoe in study hour. Binkie always did it. *Her* marks were getting better and better. She talked about the pony as if Daddy had really given it to her. She had named it

Black Beauty. She was quite sure of getting the pony now. But when she went out on the lake, she somehow couldn't study: the birds in the bushes sang such distracting little trills; the flock of ducks quacking called to her for bits of bread; the wind blew the pages of her study book and her thoughts went wool-gathering in the sunshine. Alas! Binkie's marks began—yes, they began to be less good! Oh dear!

Miss Littledoll thought about it. Then she sent word to Binkie that she would like to see her. It was Jane James who brought the message.

Marjorie played that Binkie did much better after the serious talk with Miss Littledoll and gave up going out on the lake to study. But in recreation time she often carried her couch cushions out to the lake and tried hard to keep her thoughts on American history and algebra. It was one of these afternoons when, suddenly, Tootsie Noggins came running to the edge of the lake waving frantically to Binkie doll studying in the canoe.

Tootsie had her golf bag over her shoulder. She had evidently been off playing. (You know

Tootsie never hurt herself studying! She always trusted to luck. Her marks were so bad that they seemed hopeless—but the teachers had scolded her so *much* that they were tired out. Beside that, no scoldings seemed to make Tootsie realise that she must study if she intended to graduate with her class. Tootsie thought only about having fun.)

"What *do* you suppose Tootsie wants with Binkie?" I asked Marjorie as we played with the little dolls by the lakeside.

"I don't know," Marjorie returned. "Maybe she wants Binkie to come and play with her."

"The breeze carries her voice the wrong way. Binkie does not hear her," I explained. "Binkie seems to be studying in a most absorbed way. Make Tootsie wave some more! Make her call again!"

"Hoo-oo-oo!" called Tootsie from the rock at the lakeside. She waved frantically. "Binkie, Binkie! Hoo-oo-oo!"

At last Binkie looked up. Oh, there was Tootsie doll calling. "Wait a minute," she called back.

"I'll come." And she paddled toward the rock by the shore.

"I've got something to tell you," Tootsie panted, as she drew the head of the canoe up on the rock. "Did you know the teachers were in Miss Littledoll's office this afternoon having a meeting?"

"Sure!" returned Binkie.

"Jane James says that they've been talking about every girl in the whole school and telling all the marks—they said—Jane James says she heard them say *I* wasn't going to graduate!"

"Mercy! Oh, Tootsie! Why you *must* graduate!"

"I know it," wept Tootsie. "That's what I came here for! I must graduate—I *must!*"

"Did the teachers really say it? How do you know they said it?"

"Well, you know Jane James was passing by the door and she rather waited a little. She said she began to wait when she heard her own name mentioned. She won't tell what they said about *her* but she waited and heard what they said about *me*——"

"I don't think it's very nice to listen at key-

TOOTSIE STUDIES HARD TO PASS EXAMINATION

YOU can see how very worried Tootsie is because she knows she has played too much and she wants very much to graduate with her class at Miss Littledoll's School.

holes," snapped Binkie. "What made you pay any attention to her!"

"I *had* to," Tootsie defended. "Of course Miss Means, all along, has told me I wouldn't pass if I had so many bad marks; Miss Scribble and Mademoiselle Ouinon have talked to me too. I had a scolding from Miss Littledoll about my last report but it seemed to me that things would turn out all right in the end. *I* don't like people who listen at key-holes either! But Jane James declared that she really heard it!"

"Maybe it was some other girl—not you at all," Binkie comforted. But Tootsie felt sure that there had been no mistake. "I must study hard now, Binkie! I must grind!" she resolved. "I really mustn't play any more! What books have you in the canoe? Let's push out on the lake and you coach me up a little! I wish I were a student like you," sighed poor little Tootsie doll.

With the two little dolls in the canoe, books piled about them and cushions too, Marjorie gave it a push out into the beautiful crêpe cloth lake. They spent the entire recreation hour out there. Binkie asked questions about United States His-

tory and Tootsie tried to answer them. "Give the date when Columbus discovered America?" she asked. "When did the people of Boston throw the tea into Boston Harbour?"

She kept Tootsie at it till the gong sounded for the close of recreation period. Marjorie said Tootsie had never before studied so hard. "I think," said Tootsie, "I might do better at my lessons if you and I were to study together, Binkie —would you mind?"

Binkie—like the good little doll she was—did not mind. Binkie was very generous. She offered to help. "If things are as serious as you think they are, Tootsie, I advise you to see what Miss Littledoll can do about it. Why don't you go to see her and ask?"

"I might," assented Tootsie, as they walked up the path to the house. "I hate to do it."

As soon as there was a chance, Tootsie went to Miss Littledoll's office and knocked at the door.

"Come in," cooed Miss Littledoll's voice. "Oh, Tootsie, my dear, is it you, child? Are you in trouble? *What* is it?"

"I—I—I must graduate with my class," sobbed

Tootsie. "You know, I must—I really *must!* My —my—my boo-hoo-hoo—my marks are so bad! I haven't done right—boo-hoo! I haven't studied enough—boo-hoo!"

Miss Littledoll looked grave. "Yes, your marks have been very poor, my child," she agreed. "You have not taken the work seriously."

"My mother and father," sobbed Tootsie, "they will feel so badly! And there is Binkie—I want to be grad-u-a-ted—*she* is going to be an honour to *her* family and then I will come home at the same time and *not* gra-du-ate!"

Miss Littledoll shook her head. "We all warned you, Tootsie."

"Boo-hoo, I know it!"

"I am very sorry, Tootsie, my dear!"

"But—but—what—what can be *done?*" asked poor Tootsie. "I boo-hoo—I *must* graduate!"

"There is only one more month before June," returned Miss Littledoll severely. "You should have begun to try before!"

"I know, Miss Littledoll!"

"Perhaps Miss Means can help you——"

"Miss *Means?*"

"I will ask her to tutor you," answered Miss Littledoll. "If anybody *can* help you, my dear, Miss Means will! You will need to give up your entire afternoons to tutoring and have extra lessons with Miss Means at night."

"Oh dear," sighed Marjorie. "Let's *play* she doesn't have to do ALL that! I think it's dreadful for poor Tootsie! Why, she can never have any more fun!"

"It's her own fault, Marjorie," I argued. "We must do as Miss Littledoll suggests."

"Yes, I suppose we must! Well, Miss Means is in her room now. Tootsie'd better go right up there."

"She hates to go."

"Yes, she hates it but she must do it just the same."

So Marjorie walked Tootsie doll soberly from Miss Littledoll's office to the door of Miss Means' room.

Tootsie knocked softly.

"Come!" replied a voice that was the voice of the cross teacher.

"It's me," said Tootsie putting her head in at

TOOTSIE NOGGINS IN MISS MEANS' ROOM

HERE is Tootsie coming to be coached by Miss Means in Miss Means' room. Miss Means is sewing and it is in recreation period. Miss Means' hair is shampooed. It is very unusually fluffy.

the door. "Please—Miss Littledoll sent me—I want to—to—to—to——"

"Well, don't be a steam engine," snapped Miss Sophonisba Ann Means. "Tell me what you want without this to-to-ing! Be outspoken!"

So Tootsie came into the room and stated her case. Miss Means accepted it. "But I don't think you will ever know enough to graduate anyhow," she stated. "But we can try!" She seemed very doubtful indeed about Tootsie's ever catching up.

That evening poor Tootsie Noggins drilled and drilled with the cross teacher. She had a terrible time of it!

But, Marjorie said, as things went on, Tootsie tried very hard. "If you try very hard, you can't help doing good work," she said. "Tootsie *is* trying!"

"I think Miss Means is beginning to like Tootsie, Marjorie! I really do!"

"Yes, she sees she is trying."

"Yes, of course. But Tootsie always brings Miss Means' little dog a piece of candy every time

she comes for a lesson. Have you never noticed THAT?"

"Um-hum," Marjorie assented. "I think Miss Means' little pet dog likes Tootsie."

"He does," I said.

"He licks her hand," went on Marjorie. "That is very unusual for *him*. Miss Means has always had to keep her pet in her room away from the pupils because he is *so* snappish!

"I know it—and do you remember how he bit Binkie the day she took a picture of the girls in their basket ball bloomers when they tried to get him for a basket ball mascot——"

I nodded. I knew Marjorie was pretending. And no doubt this had happened some day when I was busy working in my study, even though I did not recall it. So many things that I did not witness happened at the little dolls' school! Probably this had happened too—— Marjorie said it had.

"Do you notice how Miss Means does her hair lately?" asked Marjorie.

"Why, I thought something was different, but I didn't know it was that!"

"It's shampooed," smiled Marjorie. "She even curls it a little. I think it is curled on crimpers at night. Don't you think she looks prettier?"

"I suppose the girls like it better," I evaded.

"Um-hum—Tootsie likes it."

There was a long pause. "I think Tootsie is really beginning to like Miss Means," mused Marjorie. "And I think Miss Means is beginning to like Tootsie too. I don't think Miss Means is so bad after all, do *you?*"

"Why, no, of course not," I answered. "She is helping Tootsie Noggins ever so much. *I* always liked her!"

"*Did* you?"

We both smiled.

"Her bark is worse than her bite," said Marjorie.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: THE CLOSING OF HALCYON HALL

CHAPTER XIII

THE CLOSING OF HALCYON HALL

YOU just ought to have seen Tootsie Noggins study those last few weeks at Miss Littledoll's School! She simply *crammed.* If anybody asked her to go outdoors and play, she said she couldn't possibly!

"Please—please, Tootsie," Pinkie would urge. "I'm not going to see you any more by and by. We have been together all this year. I do so want you to have another real good game of tennis!"

"Oh, do come!" Annette Allison would say. "Come out on the links—we all want you at the match Saturday!" But Tootsie stuck to her books. She was bound to graduate.

Binkie told the girls they ought to try to help Tootsie. I think she was right. I am sure Binkie did all she could to help Tootsie. At night, when Tootsie had been working very hard at

her books, Binkie wouldn't let her go to bed without having had a hot cup of malted milk. She said it would strengthen her.

Marjorie was sure that Binkie would graduate all right. Of course—why everybody knew that Binkie's standing was excellent. Her deportment, too, was perfect.

Kathleen Diana Debora Finch was *almost* certain she herself would pass.

Rosalinda Clara Smith had had some poor marks, but she *hoped* to graduate.

Tootsie was trying to do well enough to pull through, and the only other member of the class, Phœbe Snow, had her white dress all made for commencement.

Marjorie kept the teachers busy with special meetings. It seemed to me, if the little girl dolls were occupied with studies all the time, the teachers were equally industrious over the correction of examination tests and averages. At last came the day when Miss Littledoll sent for the class. "It gives me much joy to tell you all, young ladies—yes, Tootsie dear,—all of you are going to graduate."

COMMENCEMENT DAY

THIS shows the platform of Assembly Hall on Commencement. You can see the graduates. From right to left they are: Priscilla Jukes, Tootsiah Noggins, Binkie Wolsen, Phœbe Snow, Rosalinda Clara Smith. Poor Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch is behind the speaker, Mr. George Abihad Wolsen, who has just been introduced by the principal, Miss Littledoll. He has risen to bow. In his arms, he holds the diplomas of the graduating class.

"Me?" asked Tootsie anxiously in spite of Miss Littledoll's direct words.

"Yes, you dear! I am proud to have had any girl in my school who tried as hard as you have!"

Whew! *Wasn't* that fine?

"You are now expected to write your graduating essays," went on Miss Littledoll. "It is the custom of the school to give a prize of ten dollars in gold for the best written essay. A prize of five dollars in gold is given for the second best essay. We always give a prize of ten dollars to the pupil whose work during the year shows the greatest improvement. I suppose you have all known about these prizes, young ladies?"

They said they had.

"I hope *I* don't get the Improvement Prize," said Phœbe Snow. (She said it aside to Binkie.)

"Nobody wants the Improvement Prize," Binkie returned. "Who do you suppose will get it?"

"I don't know."

"I can't think!"

They were all a bit worried over the Improvement Prize. Even though it was TEN

DOLLARS, everybody felt it would be better not to have the ten dollars than to have it publicly announced from the commencement platform before everybody that—that one's work *had improved!* It seemed to be some kind of disgrace to think that it hadn't been absolutely perfect all along, I suppose.

Marjorie said Binkie was afraid she would get the Improvement Prize. (You see she *had* improved during the school year.) Yes, Binkie had improved, I said. She might get it.

"What is the subject of Binkie's essay, Marjorie?"

Marjorie thought. "Do I have to make up a title?" she asked. "Really?"

I nodded.

Marjorie thought again. "It's about The—the——"

"*The Value of Good Deportment,*" I suggested.

"Yes," Marjorie smiled.

"I suppose by this time she is busy writing it!"

"She is. I think it's almost done. Miss Scribble says her outline is good."

"And how is Tootsie getting on with her essay?"

"Well, you see, Tootsie isn't going to try to win an essay prize. She says she wants to have some fun before school closes. She hasn't begun her essay *yet.*"

"Oh, dear! She'll have to hurry! What is she going to write about?"

"She doesn't know yet!"

"Doesn't know yet!"

"Well, I think she is going to do the outline to-night. Binkie's going to help her. She was out playing tennis all the afternoon. The girls had a tennis match."

"I think, Marjorie, she ought to come in and start that commencement essay," I advised. "Really, you know, nobody can graduate from Miss Littledoll's School without having written a graduating essay!"

So we called Tootsie in and made her sit down at the little table in her room and *write.* She wrote and wrote and wrote. Then she jumbled the sheets together and said she thought, at last, the essay was done. It was about *My Ideal of*

School Life, I think. It didn't much matter what it *was* about, Marjorie said. Tootsie was simply glad it was DONE!

Of course, Binkie was openly trying for the essay prize. So, too, was Phœbe Snow and Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch and Rosalinda Clara Smith. They had hardly finished their essays and handed them in to the judges when another excitement arrived in the shape of commencement dresses.

Marjorie had made the commencement dresses all alike. They were white organdie with lace trimming. All the little girl dolls were to wear white flowers in their hair and most of them had already determined to do their hair up in a knot. (You see they felt quite grown up. It is only once that one feels really grown up, and that is when one does graduate from boarding-school.)

The white dresses were most becoming. Every one fitted. It was perfectly beautiful—simply, perfectly *beautiful!*

They wondered who the commencement speaker would be. Each member of the class voted to have a different one. It was Miss Little-

doll who thought it would be rather nice to have Binkie Wolsen's famous father. (He didn't want to come, for the papering of his study had been put off till just this time, Marjorie said. Mrs. Wolsen had everything topsy-turvey in the white doll house. She had put off all her housecleaning till after the paperhangers were through. Mr. Wolsen wanted to be home to see to his papers when the things were moved out of the study.) When, however, Miss Littledoll urged him and Mrs. Wolsen and Binkie quite insisted, Mr. Wolsen consented to come. He really *wanted* to do it for Binkie's sake, only there were his papers to be taken care of in the study, I said.

Marjorie was very busy before commencement. She had to make all the diplomas and tie them each in a roll with white ribbon. The platform for the graduating exercises had to be decorated, too. Miss Littledoll did not trust this to the students. She had it done by a florist, Marjorie said.

Then, too, Miss Littledoll herself had to have a new black velvet dress with spangles. (We pretended *that*.) Mr. Wolsen was going to wear

his doctor's gown. It had long flowing sleeves and a hood. Marjorie made it from a piece of black cloth. Besides this Mrs. Wolsen and Mrs. Noggins had to have special new clothes—and Mrs. Bracton had to have new things too! It was a very, *very* busy time.

Marjorie came into my study to sew all these things while the little girl dolls were occupied with the close of school and waiting for the great event of commencement day.

"I'm sorry it has to end," she sighed. "I like playing with Miss Littledoll. I almost wish it wasn't the end of *my* vacation. I'll have to go to school again next week. It's September. I shan't have much time to play dolls any longer, I suppose! I'll have to study the way Tootsie has been studying."

"But you like to study."

"Oh, yes! But I like to play dolls too!"

"I know," I sympathised. "So do I. Maybe we'll have another school next year, if you still like to play dolls as much as I do."

"I *can* play in the white doll house at home on

BINKIE AND HER PONY

HERE is Binkie Wolsen on her pony. Mr. Wolsen gave it to her as a graduating present. Tootsie Noggins' father gave her a pony too. (It had to be kept at the Wolsen's stable after she got it.) Mr. Wolsen often took the children out for a ride over the hills and far away. Peggy used to go too sometimes. Uncle Tom had to walk back of her donkey to make it go. When they were out riding, they used to talk over the good times they had had that year at Miss Littledoll's School.

Saturdays. You'll come over and play with Binkie and Tootsie and Betty and me?"

I promised.

"And we'll keep Miss Littledoll and all the pupils for other play this winter, won't we?"

"They can come to visit the white doll house," I suggested.

"Maybe!"

"I don't believe Tootsie and Binkie want school to end any more than I do!"

"Oh, they'll be glad to go home, I think. Of course it will be hard to say good-bye to Miss Littledoll and Pinkie and Penelope Jukes and Dotty Dawson and Laura Brown and Annette Allison and Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch and Phœbe Snow. They're almost like sisters—but they can come to visit during the holidays and see Binkie's pony, can't they?"

We agreed that they could and that it might be jolly to have a little dolls' camping-out party—all of the pupils of Miss Littledoll's School. There could be white tents—oh, that would be something to look forward to on a holiday afternoon, Saturday!

"Why couldn't Miss Littledoll have a summer camp for little girl dolls?" I asked.

"Hooray!" sang Marjorie. "The very thing! What fun!"

"We can change the toy-closet," I agreed. "We'll have it! But I think now that we ought to have commencement very soon—as soon as you can fix up the platform for the florist. You call me when you are all ready. I want to be surprised!"

Great preparations were going on at Miss Littledoll's School. I could hear them even above the click of the typewriter in the study. They took the large part of an afternoon, and then Marjorie called me to come.

I just wish you could have seen the graduating class sitting in a row on that platform the florist had decorated for Miss Littledoll! It was a beautiful sight—such pretty graduates! Such flowers! And there beside the graduating class was Mr. G. Abihad Wolsen, the speaker for the occasion.

The "exercises" went the way exercises ought to go. Miss Littledoll made an address and she introduced Binkie Wolsen's famous father.

(Just as if everybody present didn't know him perfectly well already!)

He made a wonderful address and looked terribly learned in his gown that had the long flowing sleeves and the doctor's hood. (I've forgotten what university gave him his degree.)

Then he gave out the diplomas. (I guess Tootsie Noggins' little doll heart went pit-a-pat when she really had hers!)

Binkie, of course, knew she had earned the pony. Daddy had told her all about the pony. It was to be there when she came home—how jolly! Really, think of having a pony! *Think of it!* Could anything be nicer?

Well, the "exercises" went on till it came to the announcing of prizes. Mr. Wolsen stood up impressively and cleared his throat. "I have a very great and unexpected pleasure before me," he stated. "I have to give out the names of those who have won the prizes of the school year at Miss Littledoll's School. I find that the winner of the essay prize—the First Prize—is—is my own precious daughter, Binkie Wolsen! As a parent, I am deeply grateful to Miss Littledoll's

School for all it has done for Binkie Wolsen. I am very glad I let Binkie come to Miss Littledoll's School. I shall always be glad that I let her come and that she left it an honour to her school, her family, herself!"

There was wild applause. Marjorie and I clapped as hard as ever we could clap! Wasn't it splendid?

Binkie went forward, bowed. There was more clapping and then, as Mr. Wolsen came forward to make the next announcement, it died away.

"There is a second prize offered for the next best essay," Mr. Wolsen stated. "It gives me much happiness to announce that this is a tie between two pupils who have done excellent work. We have therefore decided to divide this prize between the two, who are Rosalinda Clara Smith and Penelope Jukes."

More hand-clapping!

Hardly had the two taken their seats when Mr. Wolsen again began—— ("It's the Improvement Prize," said Marjorie.)

I nodded. We were both breathless. I was

hoping Tootsie would escape it. Marjorie was hoping Binkie would.

"There is an honourable prize to be earned by the pupil who has shown the greatest stride in general improvement during the school year," said Mr. Wolsen. "I feel that it is a *great* honour to improve in one's work. Everybody should want to improve in work. The pupil who has accomplished great improvement in her studies at Miss Littledoll's School is Tootsiah Noggins."

Miss Littledoll and all the teachers were clapping their hands frantically. Miss Sophonisba Ann Means clapped with such emotion that she had to take out her hanky and wipe her eyes. Ah, it was a proud moment for Miss Sophonisba Ann Means—surely *this* was due to her excellent coaching!

Tootsie took the prize and tried to look very pleased. I think she was wishing that she had had a more even record for the year. She might, if she had played less! But her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noggins, were happy about the prize. They suggested that she put it in the savings bank.

All the girls and teachers and parents and

friends had to congratulate all the little girl dolls after the exercises were over—the exercises were very, very long, as exercises always are. It took some time before everything was over. Then Tootsie and Binkie and Betty and Laura Brown, Phœbe Snow, Annette Allison, Kathleen Diana Deborah Finch, Rosalinda Clara Smith, Jane James and Penelope Jukes kissed everybody all around and went to their rooms to cry because school was all, ALL OVER.

When they had cried they recovered their happy spirits again, as little girl dolls will. They all exchanged photographs and farewells the next day and they all left Miss Littledoll's School with glad anticipation of going to their own homes for a while.

"I am proud of all my girls," said Miss Littledoll in saying good-bye to Binkie Wolsen and Tootsie Noggins, "but I am especially proud of you, my dears!"

Then the bus came to the front door of Miss Littledoll's School; Miss Means, Mademoiselle Ouinon, the pupil-teacher and Miss Scribble were in the hall to hug all the little girl dolls—

especially Tootsie and Binkie. Miss Means promised to come to visit Tootsie some time and they hoped all of them to spend a few weeks in Camp during the summer vacation.

The bus rolled down the driveway and out at the door of the toy-closet. Binkie and Tootsie were waving back toward Miss Littledoll and the teachers. It had been a most delightful school year for our little girl dolls.

Marjorie picked up the box that we had *pretended* was the bus. "The play of Miss Littledoll's School is over," she sighed. "It was a jolly kind of doll play. I'd like to begin and play it all over again!"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "if you still like to play dolls we will play it next summer vacation. Maybe by that time Miss Littledoll's School will open again."

"And Binkie and Tootsie can be special students——"

"Why not?"

"I'm rather glad to have my *real* school begin," Marjorie smiled, "even though we have to stop playing dolls a while. I like school. I hope

when *I* graduate that I'll have a prize for the best composition."

"I hope so, too," said I, "but I hope you'll never grow too old to play." And then we went to the ten-cent store to buy the dolls each a pony.

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